



25¢

Volume 13

OCTOBER, 1949

Number 12

Why People Hate the Church	<i>Liguorian</i>	1
Come to the Stable	<i>Sbiel</i>	6
And Now Archbishop Beran	<i>The Sign</i>	9
Fast Feet Run in the Family		
<i>Times-Picayune-New Orleans States</i>		13
Little Animal in Africa	<i>Catholic Home Messenger</i>	15
A Fighting Heart	<i>Our Sunday Visitor</i>	19
Barber on Wheels	<i>Marianist</i>	22
Catholics and Great Books	<i>Catholic World</i>	26
Sure You Can Paint	<i>Columbia</i>	29
The 19th Hole	<i>Convoys</i>	33
Cancer Fighter	<i>Vincentian</i>	36

(Contents continued on inside front cover)

(Continued from front cover)

The Great Peanut Push	Victorian	40
Me and My Kids	Cor	42
The Church-State Problem in Utah	America	45
France: The Problem	<i>Irish Ecclesiastical Record</i>	49
France: The Answer	<i>Commonweal</i>	52
Animals Predict the Weather	<i>Caritas</i>	56
Catastrophe in China	<i>British Survey</i>	58
Beasts in Their Bestiaries	<i>Ave Maria</i>	65
Cana in My Home	<i>Linacre Quarterly</i>	68
How to Turn the Tables on Russia	<i>Woman's Home Companion</i>	73
Portrait of a Parish Priest	<i>The Priest</i>	79
Dangerous Trends in American Education	Cor	83
A Bandit of God	<i>Vogue</i>	87
How to Handle a Race Riot	<i>Marianist</i>	94
Light in Darkness	<i>Picture Story</i>	96
Polio	" <i>Medicine on the March</i> "	113
I Like Housework	<i>America</i>	120
Michael Comes to America	<i>Lucy B. Sullivan</i>	123
The Open Door, 5	<i>This Struck Me</i> , 64	
Flights of Fancy, 18	Index, 126	

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

41 E. EIGHTH ST., ST. PAUL, 2, MINNESOTA

Braille edition: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen St., Boston, 15. \$10 per year.

British and Irish edition: National Press, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin, Ireland.

Canadian edition: 1502 Ouest, Rue Ste. Catherine, Montreal, P. Q., Canada. *Digeste Catholique*.

French edition: 13, Rue de Tirlemont Louvain, Belgium. *Digeste Catholique*.

Dutch edition: Tiensestraat, 13, Leuven, Belgique. *Katholieke Digest*.

German edition: 39 Herstattstrasse, Aschaffenburg, Germany. *Katholischer Digest*.

Italian edition: Viale Piave N. 1, Milano, Italy. *Sintesi dal Catholic Digest*.

Japanese edition: Komine Shoten, Funamachi 6, 6, Yatsuya, Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan. 丸井-7765

Subscriptions to all foreign editions for your friends abroad or yourself are \$3 per year at the St. Paul office.



The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



Published monthly. Subscription price, \$3 the year; 2 years for \$5; 3 years for \$7.50; 4 years for \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own.

Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald, Eileen O'Hara, Henry Lexau; Art: Kern Pederson.

Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1949 by the Catholic Digest, Inc.





The authority of God in the hands of men

Why People Hate the Church

By D. F. MILLER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

A GREAT many people in America hate the Catholic Church. I think I know why, and also the answer should help both Catholics and those who hate the Church.

The basic element in the Catholic religion that arouses violent opposition in nonmembers is her insistence on obedience to human beings whom she says are invested with something of the authority of God. The great scandal and stumbling block to all who oppose the Catholic religion is the fact that there are priests, bishops, a Pope—all men like themselves—who wield spiritual authority over their fellow human beings.

That this is the key to hatred of the Catholic Church is demonstrated by three classes of people. The first class is the vast body of Protestants, of all sects and shades of opinion. Many of

them are sincere in their beliefs. In no way do we accuse them of dishonesty or malice. But they themselves will agree that what disturbs them about the Catholic religion is that one must respect and obey men like themselves.

Protestants express animosity for this feature of Catholicism in a hundred ways. They say that they give obedience only to God; that no man can represent the authority of God. Many of them say that their salvation is effected through faith in Jesus Christ alone, not through obedience. Some add, after Martin Luther, that obedience even to the Ten Commandments is impossible, and that therefore faith must be stressed all the more. Others say that it is possible and necessary to obey God, but that God directly inspires every believer; that He never transmits a command through other men. Some say that all they need is

* *Liguori, Mo., August, 1949.*

the Bible to learn what God's will is.

The second class of people consists of renegade and fallen-away Catholics. Abandoning the Catholic faith, at least by those who had a knowledge of what it means, almost invariably involves resistance to authority. Ex-priests are an excellent example of this. If they take to platforms and editorial desks to express their feelings, they blast continuously on the same theme—that Popes, bishops, and priests do not deserve respect nor obedience. Most renegade lay Catholics have had a quarrel with a pastor, could not accept a regulation of their bishop, entered a marriage forbidden by the Church, or were refused absolution by a priest because they would not give up a certain pet sin. Animosity toward the Church is thereafter expressed mostly in disparaging remarks about her officials.

The third class are those who have no time for any formal religion. They are aroused to spasms of fury over the fact that anyone could think of obeying fellow human beings. These are the arch anticlericals of the world. They identify religion with clericalism, that is, a hierarchy of spiritual superiors. They devote their energies to trying to destroy such a hierarchy. Communists are good examples. They spend some time opposing Protestantism, but it is the Catholic hierarchy they wish to destroy. Another example is that of the so-called intelligentsia in America, men who make science, secular learning, worldly wisdom, the end of life. They are usually professors in secular universities or famous figures

in the arts and sciences; and they speak with especial scorn of the "intellectual and moral subservience" of loyal Catholics.

All such opponents of the obedience required in the Catholic Church make use of a certain number of clichés or pet phrases to show their stand. They say that the Catholic Church is "fascist" because her system of obedience makes dictators out of ecclesiastical authorities. She is "undemocratic" because rank-and-file Catholics have no chance to vote on her doctrines and laws. She is ambitious of power because she tries to "regiment" all nations and peoples under her standard.

Now, for the sake of the Protestant, the fallen-away Catholic, and the pagan, there is here presented the background and the foundation of obedience as it is accepted and practiced by Catholics. Of course, it must be remembered that the obedience Catholics must give their ecclesiastical superiors is confined to spiritual and moral matters. It is not expected that this explanation will destroy all opposition to such obedience. But it will enlighten those who do not know why it is demanded, and it may strengthen those who have been wavering in its practice within the Catholic fold.

The first point to be noticed about obedience to ecclesiastical superiors is the fact that it rests against a pattern or policy set up by God. The pattern may be expressed in this way. God has so created man that in all his relationships to other men he finds himself in some way bound to obey the authority

of God as it is exercised through other human beings.

The force of the argument is this. In all association men are clearly bound to some form of obedience to other human beings. One may therefore expect that in religious matters the same divine policy will be carried out and the same kind of obedience to men will be demanded by God. The pattern of such obedience is clear throughout the entire realm of natural dependencies in which men may find themselves.

When a child is born, its first and most important form of obedience, binding as soon as reason dimly dawns, is to its parents. God created the soul of the child, and, of course, has the final authority over it. But God does not directly exercise His authority over the child; He does so through the parents who cooperated with Him in bringing it into being. The child needs someone to feed and clothe it, to protect it, to guide and teach it, to help it develop into maturity. The parents are obviously chosen to fulfill these tasks and to do so in the name of God. Out of this situation arises the Commandment that is both a natural and a positive divine law: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Again, when men carry out the demands of their nature and join to form a state, God leaves them free to form whatever kind of state they prefer. In so doing, however, they must choose civil officials and rulers to hold authority. They are bound to recognize that the men they choose exercise the au-

thority of God in all things pertaining to their office, and must be respected and obeyed in those matters.

When men join in a business enterprise, it is obvious from the nature of such organizations that there must be an authority that directs the efforts of all toward the accomplishment of the work to be done. Once a man enters into business, he recognizes that he has to obey the human authority in charge. This binds him in conscience, because all rightful authority is exercised in the name of God.

When a man is sick, his instinct for life and health, conscience, and reason all tell him he must place himself under care of a physician. The physician has authority in this situation, and the patient must obey him if he is to be made well and to fulfill the law of God.

Thus in the natural order the pattern of God's will becomes clear. There is no escape from obedience to authority held by human superiors. The necessities are so great, the situations in which it is called for are so natural and universal, that this is clearly the way in which God intended that human beings be ruled. And no circumstance, barring only that in which a human authority commands something sinful or clearly outside the competence of his position, justifies a person in saying, "I never have to obey a man; I give obedience only to God."

The same pattern shows up throughout the whole course of God's dealings with men on the plane of religion. Anyone who holds that true religion excludes entirely any need of obeying

a human representative of God must at the same time set down as fable every one of a thousand instances in which God directly revealed that He was speaking to men through other men to whom He had given His authority.

It would be strange that our Lord spent only 33 years on earth, and only three of these in public preaching, if He intended to delegate none of His authority to other human beings, but to hold it all in His own hands, even after He had disappeared from view. It is a matter of historical fact that Christ took note of the argument of human frailty and did three things to destroy its force.

First of all, He promised that He would use His divine power to prevent those entrusted with His teaching and commanding authority from leading His followers into error in any point of doctrine or morality. That He made such a promise is on record in the Bible: "I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16:18). "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. 28:20). "He that heareth you, heareth Me" (Luke 10:16). These would be idle and empty statements if they did not mean that Christ would permit no deviation, by those whom He sent to preach, from the truth He wanted the world to know. And 1900 years of history have proved that they were not idle words. In all that time there has been no single instance of change in an essential doctrine taught by the Church, nor of an error officially

taught that had to be corrected later on.

The second thing that Christ did to offset the argument of human frailty against obedience was to set the seal of miracles on those whom He raised up to represent Him in spiritual matters. The Apostles worked hundreds of miracles, and right down to most recent times miracles have occurred within the Church. They have happened even at times when her leaders were not all that they should have been, to prove that God is at hand wherever obedience is given to His representatives on earth.

The third thing that Christ did was to threaten scandal-giving superiors. He warned His followers not to take scandal from them. He assured them that in obedience, despite scandals, they would still find their salvation. He even allowed one scandal to break out before He died, in the person of Judas. Judas had been given authority to speak in His name, but of Judas He said, "It were better for him had he never been born."

Most of the opposition to obedience comes from those who lose sight of the power and the promise of Christ to bring about perfect justice and retribution among all men. A worldly, sinful or proud bishop or priest makes people gnash their teeth only because they forget that Christ permits no evil to pass unnoticed. He has all eternity in which to make men pay for their shortcomings and sins in this world. And He has given His word that His judgment on those who have been rais-

ed into positions of authority will be especially minute and severe.

To the Catholic, then, obedience to ecclesiastical superiors is obedience to God, no matter what kind of men the superiors may be. Such a Catholic is not more than momentarily disturbed by the fact that a certain Pope, bishop or priest may not be perfect in wisdom nor exalted in sanctity; he knows that the merit of obedience arises from submitting to God's authority even when

He has placed it in weak and fragile vessels. He knows that Christ has chosen to act and speak through His representatives on earth, that He does preserve them from deceiving His followers, and that those who obey them He preserves from confusion and error. In short, in obedience, a Catholic is simply taking Christ at His word when He says to His weak Apostles and their successors: "He that heareth you, heareth Me."



The Open Door

A FRIEND of mine, when he was young, worked in a leather factory. His fellow workers were not Catholics and when on Friday he brought his egg, fish, and cheese sandwiches for lunch, he had to undergo quite a bit of razzing. They called him a fish-eater, and flaunted their meat sandwiches before his eyes. Of course, it was all good-natured kidding, but there was one man whose bitter taunts were obviously serious. Despite all this, my friend remained firm, continued bringing the same lunch, and never got ruffled by his friends' kidding. He answered their questions straightforwardly, but the bitter sarcasm of that one man remained in his memory.

Years later, he saw that old acquaintance again, leaving a Catholic church, dressed as a Catholic priest. The two recognized each other, and fell to talking over old times. Finally the priest said, "It was your example that aroused my interest in Catholicism. I thought if a man like that can take the taunts of a crowd, and still remain proud of his faith—there must be something wonderful about that faith. That led me to inquire about the Church. Today I celebrated my first Mass."

Mary F. Cunningham.

Why Loretta took the rôle

Come to the Stable

By LORETTA YOUNG

Condensed from the *Shield**

HEY are saying around Hollywood that I have taken a chance on my reputation as a "story analyst" by playing the part of a nun in my latest picture, *Come to the Stable*.

I realize that a Catholic Sister must be represented with some rather special characteristics, as compared with, let us say, the girl I portrayed in *The Farmer's Daughter* or the bond servant in *Rachel and the Stranger* (not to mention the bishop's wife or the mother-who-was-a-freshman!). But when I asked for the rôle of Sister Margaret in *Come to the Stable*, I did not feel that I was venturing into a completely unknown field. Given any situation, the reactions of the normal woman can be forecast pretty well, I believe, by anyone who has studied the character of women as such.

Father Vincent McCorry has written something to the effect that, while the world is a man's world, it would very quickly fall to pieces if there were



The motion picture, *Come to the Stable*, starring Loretta Young and Celeste Holm, with Elsa Lanchester and Hugh Marlowe, is a Twentieth Century-Fox production. The original story was written by Clare Boothe Luce.

no women in it. And, expanding upon this idea, Father McCorry points out that women are all-out creatures (Father McCorry calls them "total"). If they go for a cause or a man, they go for it, or him, in a big way, and the cause can expect to take a good boosting, and the man—well, he'd just better watch his step!

Now, it so happens that a woman does not always come out openly with all her plans. A woman has a way of getting what she wants without asking for it, and this little trait is a great help to the writers of movie plots. When the farmer's daughter went skating on the lake by herself, do you think she had not remembered that the young man of the household was interested in skating? And when Rachel (of *Rachel and the Stranger*) began to practice with a shotgun in the cellar of her master's house, do you think she was more interested in killing bears or in showing the man that she had the qualities needed in a frontier wife?

And so, when Clare Boothe Luce wrote her story, *Come to the Stable*, and Oscar Millard and Sally Benson made it over into a screen play, they relied upon the principal characters—Sister Margaret and Sister Scolastica—to be women above all. And that is the way I approached the role of Sister Margaret. All I needed to do was determine the principal aim which dominated the character of Sister Margaret and go to work on it in a *womanly* fashion.

Sister Margaret has her mind set on service to others, particularly poor children who need medical care. And nothing in the world stops her from working toward the achievement of her goal—neither the Atlantic ocean, nor the reluctance of a bishop to approve the venture, nor the complete lack of financial backing.

I found one advantage on the side of Sister Margaret, and I think it is worth mentioning. It is that a nun is at all times perfectly open about the main thing she is working for. Her very clothing shows her purpose and lets you know that, forsaking the world, her main occupation is the service of God.

When you look at any other woman you can't tell what she is aiming at until she herself tells you; and for one reason or another, she keeps it to herself. If it is a career, she does not want anyone else to beat her to the job she has in mind. If it is a man, she has to be careful not to reveal her objective lest other women who might not be aware of the charms of a certain male,

will have their attention attracted to him and suddenly find him very well worth going after. A nun, on the other hand, doesn't care how many other young women pursue the same objective as she—in fact, the more the merrier!

When Sister Margaret and her companion, Sister Scolastica, come to the U. S., they visit the Connecticut home of an artist, Miss Potts, whose religious paintings they have seen and admired in Europe. Guests for one night, they decide that a near-by piece of land, which Miss Potts has included in one of her landscapes, must be the spot for their hospital. Their first step is to bury a blessed medal on the site. Then begins the business of overcoming a series of obstacles which might have stopped any other people, but not two Sisters with nothing to lose on God's earth.

Their biggest obstacle is the fact that the land is owned by a big-time gambler, who doesn't want to sell—and besides, is hardly the philanthropic type. He is in New York City, but the nuns drive down to his city office from Connecticut in a jeep which has been borrowed from a writer of popular songs, Robert Mason. (Sister Margaret drives the jeep herself.) They get the deed to the property, and I, for one, was not surprised. Sister Margaret and Sister Scolastica go after that piece of land with such totality of purpose that they just must end with it in their possession.

So you see, when I found myself in the role of Sister Margaret, all I had to

do was accept this idea of complete dedication and keep in mind that Sister Margaret had given herself to the service of God completely. From there on, it was not too difficult to be at home in the role.

I have been using the words "dedication" and "service," but they don't explain everything. It is woman's nature also to love. If she marries, her yearning for love is largely satisfied by the love of her husband and her children, but this cannot be the whole sum of her loving. Husbands die and children go off and marry. There needs to be something deeper, if a wife and mother is not to live in fear and end in frustration. She must believe and know that her dedication to husband and family is her vocation, her manner of serving God. Her love of God and her attachment to Christ must be an underlying support of her earthly loves.

Our earthly loves can, of course, be directed toward others than a husband and one's own children—there are our mothers and fathers, our brothers and sisters, and many other dear relatives and friends, whose attachment is priceless in the lives of all of us. But no earthly love can ever be completely satisfying. Nor can any career—whether of wife or businesswoman or artist or actress—be completely satisfying unless underneath there is a knowledge that what we do is part of a big pattern of life, the general lines of which have been shaped for us by the teachings of Christ and motivated for us by the love of God and the love of our neighbor.

The girl who settles down to a career, the girl who becomes a wife and mother, and the girl who enters religion, are all able to fulfill that natural womanly yearning to go all-out for something—to be "total" in dedication of self, though it is true that the girl who enters religion attains the noblest dedication.

Perhaps what I am trying to say is illustrated by an episode in *Come to the Stable*. Robert Mason, the songwriter, has just turned out a big hit when a friend tells him the melody does not sound original. Mason says it just has to be original, because he first sketched the melody while he was with the armed forces in Europe years before. A little later, the problem is solved when the composer hears the Sisters, in their near-by studio-barn-convent, chanting a Vesper hymn—an old "plain chant" composition. The melody of the ancient chant and the melody of the new song are one and the same! It had crept into his subconscious mind while he was in Europe.

That is the way it ought to be in lives which are lived according to the Christian pattern. They are like strains of music which, to the remote listener, sound quite different, like the ancient Vesper hymn and the music of the modern love song, but to the close listener (who listens with his heart rather than with his ears), they are really only variations of one deep, profound, and universal theme—the theme that all life comes from God and must be lived for Him. The variations are many, but the melody is one.

The curtain rises on Act Two

And Now Archbishop Beran

By ISTVAN BARANKOVICS

Condensed from the *Sign**

AS LEADER of the largest Christian party behind the Iron Curtain (the People's Democratic party), I took part in all the conferences between the Hungarian communist government and the bishops before the arrest of Cardinal Mindszenty. It was apparent months ago that after the trial of the Cardinal, persecution of Archbishop Beran was sure to follow.

The political, financial, and legal situations of the Church in Hungary and in Czechoslovakia are basically different. The communist plotters understand this thoroughly. These differences, as well as the difference in character between Cardinal Mindszenty and Archbishop Beran, are further shown in the means used by the church in its defensive war in both countries.

In Hungary, the communists kept stressing the pretext that only Mindszenty in his stubborn pursuit of "secular political aims" stood in the way of a *modus vivendi*. Long before the trial, Hungarian Premier Rakosi stat-

ed several times in my presence that if the primate would not voluntarily resign his primatial see or if the Vatican would not call him away from Hun-

gary, they would arrest and condemn him. Later they did not try to hide the fact that his arrest and trial were meant to blackmail the Vatican into a milder course. The charge of foreign currency dealings, which the leftist press echoed loudly, was regarded, as Rakosi himself told me, as merely a trifle.



The most important charge against Mindszenty was that he was an enemy of the people's democracy and of the republican form of government which was enacted in 1946. His enemies alleged that the cardinal swore revenge because the new government took away certain ancient privileges of the bishops and cut their land estates. They further claimed that he strove to overthrow the government and restore the monarchy. That was why, the communists were never tired of shouting, the cardinal was unwilling to acknowledge publicly the land reform and

* *Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. August, 1949.*

the government's plan for nationalization.

The communists tried hard to give substance to these ridiculous charges. So they appealed to the fact that the cardinal had not issued a solemn public statement approving these acts. Yet at all times he observed and respected the laws of the new government, even though that government was seizing properties granted the Church legally, centuries before.

The situation in Czechoslovakia is basically different. Since the end of the 1st World War, the Church there has lived under a republican form of government. The Church publicly acknowledged that government.

In Czechoslovakia the Church had enjoyed no official privileges for decades, nor did it have any extensive lands. As a matter of fact, the communists had held up the example of the Church in Czechoslovakia to the Hungarian bishops. They pointed to Archbishop Beran as an ideal primate. They were forced, therefore, to seek other pretexts to attack the Church.

Beran's fate is enough to prove their deceit. The persecution he is enduring proves how completely false were the charges brought against Mindszenty. The communist aim in both countries has been to silence, fetter, frighten, and ultimately annihilate the Catholic Church as a religious body and as protector of human rights and personal freedoms.

The two prelates judged differently the probable development of the international situation. They drew diver-

gent conclusions regarding the strategy, timing, and positive attitude to be adopted in the Church's defensive war.

Mindszenty could not communicate with the Vatican. He was on his own. A papal diplomatic representative is still in Prague. Mindszenty, a man of commanding will and fighting heart, showed offensive vigor, strength, and courage in his defense.

Beran waged a defensive war in a defensive manner. He studiously avoided all signs of political dealing that might give a pretext to the communists. The behavior of the Hungarian cardinal has resulted in bringing to the world's attention the ruthless persecution of Church and people, and, at the same time, has strengthened hope for western help. Beran's behavior is incontestable proof of the complete impossibility of reconciling the Church and atheistic communism. It should convince the Christian world that the Church has done everything it could without sacrificing human rights and liberties. The events affecting the archbishop show that the war between Christianity and communism is inevitable and without compromise.

The claim is sometimes made that Beran represents conciliation and Mindszenty noncompromise. This is rash judgment and calumny. Beran has been fully as uncompromising as Mindszenty. The fearful persecution of the Church in Hungary did not break out simply because of the primate's alleged political tendencies and sympathies. So, likewise, the Church of

Czechoslovakia would have been forced to follow Hungarian Catholics to Golgotha even if the archbishop of Prague had never offered resistance.

Mindszenty and Beran have been brave, loyal leaders in the same defensive war against communism, the enemy that attacks divine law, natural law, and human rights. The seeming differences are not because they have had divergent opinions on the inevitability of the battle but stem rather from differences between their native countries and their own personalities.

The chief contributing cause of the Middle European tragedy is the anti-Catholic and antireligious nature of communism itself. The accidental cause is (we devoutly hope) the momentary impotence of the non-communist world to stem Kremlin violence.

While the Mindszenty trial was still in progress, during the first week of my exile, I wrote a booklet in which I stated, "With the Mindszenty trial the Cominform hopes to frighten also the churches of other east Middle European countries. The Mindszenty trial is to be the 'test trial' of the impending annihilation of the church in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The judicial murder in Budapest is the opening scene in the tragedy of all east Middle European churches."

The Cominform has placed its hope in the ancient principle, "divide and rule." It has already tried to split the common interests of the Catholic and Protestant churches in Hungary. The communists will also try to crush the

churches in other lands, not all at once, but slowly, one after the other.

The Catholic Church in Hungary will be granted a moratorium. Just when the Church in other east Middle European countries will be crushed depends exclusively on how the freedom-loving West reacts to the injustice in Budapest; whether the peoples of the West will use the means and display the courage needed to stop the Reds from repeating the Mindszenty trial in Prague and Warsaw. If not, then the death knell will shortly toll for religion and civil liberty in every land under communist domination.

Communists believe today that Christian world unity is merely a formality without the solidarity that binds the communists in different countries. The wily Cominform will watch closely the reaction of Catholic peoples and the West to the Mindszenty trial. The trial and condemnation awakened the conscience of freedom-loving peoples everywhere. The great wave of protest surprised communists and made Rakosi uneasy. But because of their entirely materialistic reasoning, communists understand only the language of physical might. The political significance of moral and spiritual forces is lost on them. Applying their usual tactics, the communists met all protests with stony silence. Sanctions that might have held the Cominform back from attacking the Church in Czechoslovakia were not applied. That is the first moral for the West in the Beran case.

Providence permits the east Middle

European Christians to be a spectacle to the world, as glorious as the martyrs of the Roman persecutions. Only suffering caused by evil can remind us today of the power and danger of evil. Only Christians enduring their sufferings with dignity can show the dubious nations the value of Christianity as the most effective antidote against communism.

To support and justify their actions against Cardinal Mindszenty, communists shouted loudly that they were not persecuting the Church, but only a stubborn prelate who fought against the people's democracy; not Josef Mindszenty, the primate, defending his rights and the rights of the Church, but Josef Mindszenty, a political leader who had broken the laws of democracy and had been called to the bar of justice. Many well-meaning people, in all honesty, believed these charges well founded or, at least, partially so. Now in the Beran case they see where they were wrong:

In Yugoslavia, Tito's unjust condemnation of Archbishop Stepinac was a blow against a religious and racial minority, the Catholic Croats. In Rumania, the Catholics are a small minority. Thus, their complete liquidation was quick. Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia have remained the chief stumbling blocks.

The Cominform decided to begin with Hungary for five reasons.

1. The outspoken attitude of the primate, plus the peculiar political-ecclesiastic conditions in Hungary, such as land holdings of the Church

(that were legal, remember, until 1945) would offer better pretexts for attacking the Church. They would be an effective smoke screen to hide their basic motives.

2. It thought that an accusation against the cardinal of being a half-hearted anti-nazi and a Hapsburg royalist supporter would stop the West from protest and also kill sympathy among iron curtain refugees as well as among Jews and anti-nazi groups.

3. Having engineered the resignation of certain Protestant leaders and having made agreement with those newly appointed, it hoped Protestants of the West would not protest and would perhaps even rejoice at the crucifixion of the Catholic Church in Hungary.

4. It reasoned that the West would feel no sympathy for Hungarian Catholics because Hungary did not fight on the side of the Allies, nor was Hungary openly invaded like Czechoslovakia, which was forced under Hitler's protection.

5. It shrewdly took into account the fact that Hungary's neighbors are Austria and Yugoslavia, the country of heretic Tito. From the viewpoint of Soviet control of east Middle Europe, it is of prime importance that in Hungary all internal enemies of atheistic communism should be liquidated before the signing of an Austrian treaty, and before any real trouble with Tito. For the Cominform, it is vital to the success of her Balkan policy that all internal will to resist be broken.

The Hungarian tragedy was the

opening act of a tremendous tragedy of east Middle European Christianity, directed from Moscow and staged by Kremlin hands. The curtain now rises on the second act, with the setting in Prague. Offstage, preparations go on

for the Polish scene. This fearful drama may have a tragic future for free peoples everywhere, unless the free world takes steps to forestall the apocalyptic assault of Bolshevism on mankind's most precious liberties.

Like father, like son

Fast Feet Run in the Family

Condensed from the *Times-Picayune-New Orleans States Magazine**



"BOBBY's just a chip off the old blockhead," jokes Lloyd Bourgeois, former Olympic champ now living in New Orleans. "I didn't start making the headlines till I was 24 and had a wife and two kids. Bobby started when he was six months. He swallowed a safety pin."

Young Bob Bourgeois started sprinting, high-jumping, and broad-jumping in grammar school. His dad, who represented the U. S. in the hop, step, and jump in 1928, didn't begin track until he was 21. It only took him three years, however, to become good enough for the Olympics.

Sixteen-year-old Bobby moved quickly from the safety-pin to the sports stage. He has broken both the Catholic School Athletic league 55-and 60-inch high-jump records. He's won almost every medal that the New Or-

leans recreation department gives, even the trophy for best all-around football player in the 100-pound class in 1947.

"If you laid all Bobby's and my husband's medals end to end—well, they'd have to get a new housekeeper," laughs Mrs. Bourgeois.

Bobby will have to do some high, broad, and fancy jumping to keep up with his father's famous flying feet. The elder Bourgeois went to Amsterdam on the team with Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe. The president of the Olympic delegation was some one-star general named Douglas MacArthur. After that he also became a hurdling hero, placing in three AAU events and setting a new record in 1932.

What about Bobby's chances of bobbing up in the Olympics some day? "As far as the hop, step, and jump goes, there's not much chance," accord-

*Copyright, 1949, Times-Picayune Publishing Co., New Orleans, La., July 31, 1949

ing to papa. "His legs are too short. But in high jump and hurdles, who can tell?"

Bobby has some definite bad habits to overcome before he jumps his way to championships. The first is his weakness for soft drinks. He drinks pop before every race. The second is that he's medal-happy. He loves to get in all the events—high jump, pole vault, relay, dash, broad jump.

Back in the early 30's, Lloyd Bourgeois was also known as the one-man

team. In 1929 he entered six events in the Commercial Athletic association's track and field meet at Loyola stadium. He copped five first places and one second place.

But, as for the really important qualities of making good, Lloyd believes that his son has them. "To make the Olympics, or to make anything else for that matter, you've got to be the kind of guy that a man has to beat every day, every inch of the way. You've got to believe that you can do anything."

Chinks in the Iron Curtain

CZECH businessman whose factory had been nationalized was so desperate that he decided to end it all. Seeking martyrdom he went to a mass meeting to celebrate Stalin's birthday. In the midst of the enormous throng, he rose to his feet and shouted, "Down with Stalin!"

Three friends rose and dragged him violently out of the hall.

"Are you mad?" one of them cried. "Don't you realize the danger you were running? What if there had been a communist present?" *Hibernia* (July '49).



AFTER a United Nations Commission meeting, a newspaper reporter approached a British delegate with some questions about matters that were supposed to be kept secret. The Englishman was suspicious.

"Are you from Tass?" he asked.

The reporter said no, he represented a Polish newspaper.

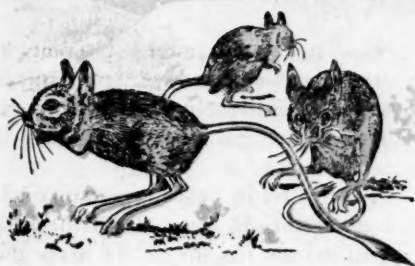
"Oh," sniffed the Englishman, "Demi-Tass."

N. Y. Times Magazine (20 Feb. '49).



THE Russians are even claiming responsibility for the famous events of history. During the Russian Revolution, Stalin histories explain, a ton of highly taxed borscht was dumped into the Volga. That's where we get the Borscht Tea Party.

Bennett Cerf in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.



Had a mouse and couldn't keep him

Little Animal in Africa

By JOSEPH E. ABERWALD

Condensed from *Catholic Home
Messenger**

SOME place in Africa a war was going on. It was July, 1943, and Rommel, the old desert fox, was in Tunisia, dodging behind Arab mud huts and hoping Hitler would tell him to forget about the desert. The Italians, however, had hopes of recapturing those barren stretches and sent a lot of paratroopers into Libya to make trouble for the American bomber forces. That's how I was introduced to the jerboa.

Each night I was assigned a lonely vigil called guard duty, to mother a four-engined Liberator. Our flat desert air strip was an open target for paratroopers who hoped to blow up our planes. Fortunately, July was full of moons and the field was kept pretty well lit. Our job was to walk around the bomber and see that nobody came near.

It is quite an experience spending a complete night on the desert, feeling it get colder by the minute and watching dew glisten on sand crystals. Everything is ghostly, and a fellow sees a thousand queer things. And that's where the jerboa comes in.

One night while I scratched my

back with a rifle and gazed into the wide strip of dancing moonlight, something flipped through the beam. It looked like a flying bird but what would a bird be doing out on the desert at midnight? I watched intently for an hour or so. There it was again, only closer to the ground. I kept looking into the light for what must have been three hours or more. I was rewarded just before dawn. What looked like a little kangaroo sitting on its tail showed itself about 50 yards in front of me. It moved like a mouse for several inches and suddenly, like a released spring, it jumped out of sight.

With the coming of dawn, we guards were gathered up and taken back to camp for breakfast. I spoke of the mysterious creatures to a friend of mine; he also had seen one. Our curiosity was aroused.

Unfortunately, because of our load of bullets and guns, our outfit hadn't had the space to bring along a complete library. In fact, aside from one box of Tom Swift books lent to us by the Red Cross, we didn't have anything to read. It seemed that we were at a loss to gather any book informa-

*St. Paul Monastery, Canfield, Ohio, October, 1949.

tion about our desert mouse, as we called it then. One of our more learned brethren had read about a rodent of the desert called a kangaroo rat. He said it also had a harder-to-pronounce name. With this much information, and no more to be found, my friend Charlie and I set out to discover the traits and habits of the kangaroo rat of Libya with the hope of eventually contributing some worth-while data about the little-known animal to some zoological society.

That day we made what could be accepted as a butterfly net, and headed out over the sands. We were rewarded with nothing for our pains, not even a sight of the mouse. We lost a little prestige within our bomber group because other members thought we had lost our senses, parading around the desert with a butterfly net. When our turn for night guard duty came, we managed to be stationed at two close-by planes so we could further our research together. What a sight we must have made, two characters in the moonlight, each with a rifle slung under one arm and a butterfly net waving from the other. We saw the rodents but couldn't get near them. Without light we couldn't find out where they went and because of safety precautions, we couldn't have any light.

The next evening we set two quartermaster mouse-cage traps with cheese in one and a piece of raisin pie in the other. My friend Charlie maintained that raisin pie was the best thing to catch U. S. domestic mice and we reasoned that it should work on the jump-

ers. We caught nothing but a few desert grasshoppers that were too big to get out of the trap—I never did find out how they got in.

We decided to let our zoology study go until better conditions prevailed. Luckily, before our enthusiasm had worn off, the Italians were all rounded up and the field was free of many restrictions.

Guard duty was suspended, and Charlie and I again began our research with some new ideas planned during our two-day rest. We could now use a flashlight. Our method was to find out where the animals disappeared and work from there.

The moon was not quite so full that evening but we had our lights. We would wait in silence until we saw a shadow sneaking over the desert and then creep up on it. Always we could get within 30 yards, but no closer. The mouse would take off with one of its 10-foot leaps, and we'd start after it trying to verge on the point that he last hit. The trouble was that his next jump would usually start at a tangent, and he would end up where we started from. His speed and alertness beat us, and for two nights we lost six jumpers; where they disappeared to we didn't know.

The third evening, Charlie saw one jump behind a rock. He examined the ground. Then he found something: a soft spot in the ground. On further inspection we noticed that a hole was there but the entrance was covered neatly by woven grass and leaves. The entrance was raised a little from the

sand but only slightly. How our animal had jumped into this hole and covered it so quickly was a question.

For the next two days and nights we tried to capture the tenant of that hole. We tried the traps, the butterfly nets, and a snare system I had learned as a kid for catching gophers. Nothing worked. The mouse must have had another exit as he didn't make an appearance at the one we had discovered.

One day a friend of ours piloted a plane to Cairo to bring in some supplies. Charlie went with him to search for a book on desert animals. He found a bookstore with an Encyclopaedia Britannica, and copied the information it contained about our desert mouse. Its actual name was jerboa. "A gregarious animal, living in burrows, which it excavates with its nails and teeth in the sandy soil of Egypt and Arabia" The jerboa emerged only at night. So that was the reason our butterfly hunting by daylight was in vain. "It is exceedingly shy, and this, together with its agility, renders it difficult to capture." As though Charlie and I had to read that. "The food diet of the jerboa consists of grain and herbs which it stores in its nest until the food above ground has been exhausted."

We now had something to work with. A very ingenious plan, if I do say so myself, was my next brain storm. From our fuel supply unit, we managed to borrow a ten-gallon can. This can was approximately 12 by 12 inches square, and about 18 inches deep. Into the top of the can we cut

a hole five inches square. We buried the can in the sand, ten yards from the mouse's nest. Over the five-inch hole we placed an 8½ by 11-inch piece of lightweight second-sheet typing paper. This was just firm enough to support a few grains of oatmeal without slipping through the hole. We then camouflaged the top with sand. To the buried can we attached a wire. Sixty feet, approximately, from the can and connected to the other end of the wire was a cleaned spam can. Now, as you will remember from your kid days, we had a telephone.

Our experiment all ready, Charlie and I waited until darkness and then took our positions at the receiving end of the telephone. Both of us were so excited that we both wished to spend the night, if necessary, waiting to see what would happen. And it did. About 11 o'clock, ker-plunk, and our mouse had fallen into the trap. Immediately we ran to it and covered it. We could hear the little fellow jumping around inside. We dug up the can and hurried to our tent.

The next day Charlie made a little halter out of shoelaces for Jerry. What an animal he was: seven inches long, a stiff cylindrical tail covered with short hair and ending with a brush. This portion of him, which he used like a kangaroo, was fully 10 inches long. His hind feet were bent like natural spring-levers. They were about six times as long as his cute front legs, which were more like arms with five-fingered hands. Tied to our front tent stake, he would sit on his back legs

and tail. His front paws he kept pressed to his body. Sometimes he would leap into the air and land on his four feet. We noticed his body was much like a large mouse except for a bony swell on the back of his head, and pouches in his cheeks.

Captivity was not for Jerry. Although he amused Charlie and me by his queer antics, and everyone in the camp took turns watching his acro-

batics, he remained aloof. He neglected the milk we offered him. He left even his oatmeal untouched. So, much as we would have liked to have made him a pet and carried him with us on our future moves, we had no alternative. Jerry wasn't happy with us, his health was becoming impaired. Charlie and I carried him to his nest and released him. He bounded off across the desert and disappeared.

Flights of Fancy

The moon lighting a line of
Chinese lanterns on the water.

—Eddie Doherty

A grin with four carbon copies.

—Evelyn E. McCarville

Eyebrows poised like guests
preparing to rise.

—Christopher Morley

Little tears stumbling through
a mass of freckles.

—Ruth L. Weber

The percolator gargling before
breakfast.

—*Better Homes and Gardens*

Sand dunes autographed by the
wind.

—E. W. Teale

Quiet children, with the noise
all shouted out.

—Elizabeth Enright

Tadpoles: animated exclamation
points.

—Louis Bromfield

The birds dragged their wings
like tired traveling salesmen with
sample cases.

—Waldo Wright

Tin cans rusted to lace.

—*New Yorker*

An embarrassing moment
raised its little pointed head.

—Marion Glendining

Fall Fantasies

Winter hovering in the wings,
waiting for an entrance cue.

—W. C. Gault

Trees turning from etchings
into water colors.

—Gladys Taber

Fall shadows turning fields into
necktie patterns.

—Percy Keller

A technicolor day in October.

—Frances Turner

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Notre Dame's twelfth player

A Fighting Heart

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from
*Our Sunday Visitor**

HE courage and daring which Notre Dame teams traditionally display have won for her millions of synthetic alumni who have never seen the campus but who adopt her team as their own, and identify themselves with her fortunes.

"In the landing at Salerno, in which both British and Americans participated," wrote an American soldier, "someone started to sing, and the song was picked up all along the line. The song the Americans sang, the song the British sang, as they went through hell at Salerno, wasn't the Star Spangled Banner. Not God Save the King. It was Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame."

The tradition of an invincible will to win and of gameness under fire cluster around the immortal Knute Rockne who brought magic, wizardry and dramatic appeal to the gridirons of the nation. "When the going gets tough," he used to say, "is when we really begin to fight." Against the strongest teams in the country, he was accustomed to start his second stringers, whom he affectionately called his "ponies" or "shock troops."

When they would be lined up against a team that towered above them in size and weight, he would re-



mind them: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." In line with this he pitted his 155-pound Johnny Metzger against the colossal guards of the nation, and usually saw him outcharge, outsmart and outmaneuver them. Stories of Metzger's incredible feats preceded him and usually brought expressions of disdain from his prospective adversaries. Disdain changed into

chagrin when the tiny piece of dynamite began to explode before them.

When asked to name his all-time team, Rockne would shy away from answering. Either he did not wish to start comparisons and hurt the feelings of his former stars, or he never got around to selecting the best 11 out of the myriads he developed. But his friends did reveal that he had a unique admiration and affection for George Gipp, his most famous fullback. The feats of the "Gipper" are legendary among the followers of the Fighting Irish.

I have yet to find the follower of the Irish who would concede any superior within his era to the redoubtable "Gipper," who could run and pass and kick with the best. So outstanding was Gipp that Rockne knew he would not cause any hard feelings among any of

his all-time greats by calling Gipp "the greatest player Notre Dame ever developed." He was unequaled in the game by anybody, save, perhaps, Jim Thorpe.

Six feet two, weighing 185 pounds, George was a splendid blend of speed, deception and resourcefulness. As an instance of the latter, Rockne often told an incident in the game against Army in 1919.

The cadets had a slight lead. But Notre Dame came back with a passing attack that ended with a bullet-like shot from Gipp to Bahan on the Army's one-yard line. The teams had lined up and Larson, at center, was waiting for the quarterback to start calling signals. Suddenly Gipp called sharply:

"Pass me the ball."

Catching it while the players of both sides stood frozen in their tracks, he dove over for a touchdown. It was none too soon. Just as the ball touched Gipp's fingers, the official sounded his horn for the end of the half. Out of the corner of his eye, Gipp had caught a glimpse of the official raising the horn to his lips. He knew only a second remained.

Gipp's gameness stood out spectacularly in the game against Indiana in 1920. The Hoosiers showed unexpected power and were leading 13 to 10 with only minutes to go. It looked as though the Irish were beaten. A surge of the Notre Dame fighting spirit, however, carried the ball down to the Indiana seven-yard line. Gipp with a dislocated shoulder had been taken

from the game. The substitutes had been exhausted. Gipp came over to Rockne and pleaded to be sent in. There might still be time, he said, to pull the game out of the fire. Reluctantly, Rockne yielded.

"He charged on the field," related Rockne, "and the stands rose to cheer him. Rarely have I seen a more thrilling sight than those stands, gaunt in dusk, banked thousands screaming the name of one man—Gipp!

"Of course he was marked. The Indiana men, their first victory over us in 30 years smelling sweet in their nostrils, weren't going to let a crippled hero beat them. But the crippled hero had something to say about that. With a smashed shoulder he smashed the line—and failed. He tried again. Taking the ball, he crouched into a self-driven battering ram. Smash—he scored."

Gipp had a marvelous sense for discerning the opponents' attack, and a knack of breaking it up before it got going. "He was a master of defense," said Rockne. "And I can say of him what cannot, I believe, be said of any other football player, certainly not of any other Notre Dame player—that not a single forward pass was ever completed in territory defended by George Gipp. He had the timing of a tiger in pouncing on his prey."

With all his athletic fame, Gipp was the soul of modesty. With the story of his feats spread across the sport pages of the country, with photos of his spectacular open field running covering half a page, Gipp never read a

clipping of a game in which he played. He never posed for a so-called action photograph. The only one Rockne had of him was one snapped on the playing field.

At the zenith of his greatness in 1920, Gipp was stricken with a streptococcus infection. The scene at his death bed has become a classic in the annals of gridiron men. It was featured in the movie *Rockne—All-American*, and brought moist eyes to broad-shouldered men.

"I bent," related Rockne, "over this boy of 23, who had scaled the heights of all boyhood dreams by shining as a national hero. The White Sox had just bid for his baseball services on graduation. Walter Camp had just named him All-American fullback.

"It's pretty tough to go," said someone at the bedside.

"What's tough about it?" Gipp smiled up at us feebly. "I've no complaint."

"He turned to me. 'I've got to go, Rock,' he said. 'It's all right. I'm not afraid.' His eyes brightened. 'Sometime, Rock,' he said, 'when the team's up against it; when things go wrong and the breaks are beating the boys—tell them to go in there with all they've got and win just one for the Gipper.

I don't know where I'll be then, Rock. But I'll know about it, and I'll be happy.'"

Rockne held the incident in his memory and waited. In 1928 he had to face a punishing schedule with an unusually weak team. It had been cracked by Wisconsin and vanquished by Georgia Tech. It was all but demoralized.

The Army was strong. It had spread devastation among the best teams in the East. They were out to give Notre Dame the beating of years. In the first half the Irish had managed with great difficulty to hold the cadets. But they came in utterly exhausted and all feared they could not stave off the impending defeat.

"For the first time since Gipp's death," related Rockne, "I told the boys what he had said. These lads on that 1928 team had never met Gipp, had never seen him. But Gipp is a legend at Notre Dame. Every football writer at that half time said Notre Dame would be beaten badly. It looked as if we were weakening. But the boys came out for the second half exalted, inspired, overpowering. They won. As Chevigny slashed through for the winning touchdown, he said: 'That's one for the Gipper!'"

Royal Confusion

A DISTINGUISHED Dutch Catholic priest was once presented to the late Prince Henry of Holland. The Prince was a very gracious man. He shook hands, smiled, and said, "Was your father a Catholic priest, too?" Amid the embarrassment of those present, the Prince quickly caught on to his mistake. He gallantly shook hands again, murmuring his apology: "Please pardon me. I forgot that priests do not have fathers."

The Liguorian (March '49).



Barber on Wheels

By EUGENIE GLUCKERT

Condensed from the *Marianist**



ALESSANDRO FRANCESCO ROMANO is one person in a million. He has successfully combined business with pleasure. As a child in Italy he longed to travel. But travel just didn't go with a barber's career. And, he wanted so very much to be a barber—a good barber. But Romano has successfully combined these ambitions, for today he travels continuously as head barber on New York Central's famed luxury streamliner, the 20th Century Limited.

In his 32 years of barbering on wheels Al Romano has made some 2100 round trips between New York and Chicago and 40 round trips to the coast. This approximate mileage equals 171 trips around the world or 17 visits to the moon.

The five-feet-two, energetic little man, with the bushy black brows and the wavy white hair, has loved every minute of his career on wheels. Although he has barbered most of the nation's celebrities he is not cocky. He's simply a good barber and he knows it. He takes pride in the fact that he has never nicked a train customer. This is something of a feat in railroad barber records.

Romano began learning his trade at

the ripe old age of eight back in his native Sorrento, Italy. Soon after, his parents and their five children immigrated to America, settling in upper New York state. For a while, school interfered, but when he was 12 Romano again turned to barbering. He hired out as janitor to a small shop in a near-by town.

There he filled the lotion and tonic bottles, replenished the soiled linens, and swept and dusted the shop. Between chores he took lessons from his boss in the manly art of the haircut and shave. A year and a half later the boss permitted Al to give his first shave. Romano has been barbering ever since.

When he thought he knew the business he looked for another job in a more distant town. It paid \$3.00 weekly and the hours were from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., six and a half days a week. During the next few years, still in his middle teens, Romano job-hopped from town to town gaining experience and saving his money.

At 18, Al took his nest egg and set out for Manhattan. There, he got work with a company owning a chain of barber shops throughout the five boroughs. He was sent from one shop to

another during the course of the next few years.

When Romano came of age, the 1st World War was in progress. He enlisted and served in the artillery. After the Armistice, he returned to barbering. Being a personable young man, customers remembered him and the way he served them. Gradually he built up a list of regulars, mostly professional men and executives. One day he noted the absence of a particular customer. He was gone the next few days too. When the executive finally appeared he had a rather moth-eaten haircut. Romano inquired, "Where did you get that?"

"On a train to Chicago," replied the customer.

That little sentence started Romano thinking. Reminiscently he recalls the incident. "So, then I learn there are barbers on trains. Bad barbers, even. Me, I am good. My haircuts never looked chopped. Trains travel."

Romano immediately went to the New York Central; they put him on as an extra. That first train trip began 32 years ago at 5 in the morning. Parked in a baggage car with the door wide open to permit watching the scenery Romano began his sight-seeing, simultaneously praying that he'd get no customers. Just outside Detroit his first customer arrived.

Romano recalls that first shave very well. "It's bumpy and I'm nervous. But I shave good until I reach his upper lip. I can't get the right stroke. I try and try. Then I tell him I think he would look better with a mustache.

He took my word. So I do not worry any more about that lip. But the whole shave, it took three hours."

Long since Al has taken train motion in stride. It took him a year to acquire "train legs." Al claims he knows every bump from New York to Chicago. He senses a bump in his feet long before it arrives and braces himself accordingly. He takes the curves like a boxer. And, unlike other railroad barbers, he doesn't brace himself by leaning on the customer.

He delights in recalling the skeptical traveler who submitted to a shave some years ago. He had had an unfortunate initial experience, and wasn't overly trustful. Having nicked him unmercifully the original barber lost his nerve half way through and finally gave up. He had advised the customer that he couldn't continue, because of the bumpiness of the train.

"This car isn't so bumpy so maybe you could shave me safely?" queried the timorous customer after stating his past experience.

Romano grinned. "I could have told that customer he was still riding in that same car, and that the barber, not the car, had been to blame. Instead I asked him to get in my chair and relax. 'If I don't shave you good, I quit.'"

With the train hitting 70, Romano showed his skill. In relief, the timorous one gave out with a double tip. "He's one of my regulars now, has been for ten years," concluded Romano.

Originally railroad barbers, although employed by the railroads, worked under the Pullman Co. Because such

employees could be shunted onto every line, Romano got to see quite a bit of the country. Even today, although his run is the regular route of the 20th Century, he frequently is assigned to private and special cars for various conventions. With the National Electric Lights Association he has traveled all over Canada, Mexico and the United States. He made 20 annual trips throughout America with the American Bank Association conventions.

In 1928, Al of the railroad joined Al of the Brown Derby during his 43-day presidential campaign. One day during that campaign Al Smith said to Romano, "I won't make it this time but I'll run again in '32 and I'll win. When I do you're going to be the White House barber." Neither Al got to the White House, but Al likes his present address just as well.

Although Al Romano never made the White House, he has served two of its Presidents. The first was Woodrow Wilson, and he has shaved Herbert Hoover some 40 times. Down through the years he has shaved so many celebrities that Al just cannot remember for sure who was first. He thinks it was either Rudolph Valentino or Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is now also one of his regulars.

Among others who call him "Al" are Jim Farley, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Pat O'Brien, and Senator Robert Wagner.

Do Messrs. Benny and Crosby really wear wigs? Romano doesn't know.

They've never worn them when they've come into his 7x7 cubicle in the Century's Lounge car.

Al covers 1,922 miles each round trip. He gets between 10 and 15 customers one way. Usually these traveling customers arrive between 6 and 9 A.M. Because Al is there to serve his public, he also does a bit of suit pressing on the side. He eats in the diner after the passengers have been served, but unlike those passengers he gets little sleep during the night. He's lucky if he can turn in before 2 A.M. He's got to be up again at 5:30.

The highlight of Romano's career came when he was assigned to a special train carrying the Secretary of State, Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, on his 1936 visit to the U. S. Another barber took care of the various prelates but he was made the personal barber of the Pope's representative. "Every day I gave this cardinal a shave. And I pressed his suits. When needed I gave him a haircut, too. I was sorry when the journey ended. The last day he gave me a card and said, 'You show it when you come to the Vatican and you can see me anytime.' I keep that card in an important place in my home now. That cardinal was Eugenio Pacelli, and he is now our Holy Father. I had a great honor."

Upon the cardinal's return to Rome, Al received four gifts, a miniature silver replica of St. Peter's, and three rosaries blessed by the Holy Father. One each for himself, wife and daughter. Romano carries that rosary constantly.

Although most of Romano's tips are money, there have been others far greater than cash. Bing Crosby always rewards with a song, and cash. Probably the peak of all tipping was reached when Romano received a brand new television set from one of his customers, the president of a radio manufacturing company. Romano gets so many free passes to plays from press agents and actors that he cannot use them all. But he makes good use of baseball passes. He's an avid fan.

Al's customers think the little Italian-American just about tops. One of them is a big asbestos manufacturer. During the war when the government was curtailing travel and the roads were laying off luxury cars this customer offered to open a shop for Al in Chicago. The shop would be ready and waiting, all expenses paid, should Al just say the word. But Al was never laid off; beards and hair are no respectors of war and the traveling public had to be served.

Between train runs, Romano has

four private customers whom he visits. Chief of these is Cardinal Spellman. Every ten days Romano calls at the cardinal's residence to give him a haircut.

Romano and his pretty Irish wife went together 8 years before he popped the question. He wanted to make sure she realized that she was marrying a man with itching feet. Mrs. Romano fully appreciates her spouse's desire to keep on the move, but she herself is a stay-at-home.

Al loves his White Plains, N. Y., home in spite of his inclinations toward wandering. He is devoted to his 17-year-old daughter, Colleen, a recent graduate of Our Lady of Good Counsel Academy. Al delights in collecting autographs from his celebrated customers for Colleen so she can show them to her friends.

If Al had to do it all over again he'd still be a barber—a railroad barber. He doesn't want to retire until he must. He likes barbering and traveling too well.



Encores

AFTER a stirring concert at New York's outdoor Lewisohn stadium, when Marian Anderson had sung encore after encore, a thousand people crowded around the backstage entrance, asking only a glimpse of the woman who had moved them so deeply.

In response to continued calls, the great singer stepped out onto the porch, still wearing her white concert gown. She stood silent and motionless for a moment, then said quietly to the crowd, "Thank you for letting me sing."

Carolyn Roland in *Seventeen*.

Library on a hill

Catholics and Great Books

By RILEY HUGHES

Condensed from the *Catholic World**

THE return of the universities, and of the man in the street as well, to the great books of the past is a significant new straw in the wind. Our school systems had lost all sense of the continuity of man's history. In every field, economics, sociology, and political science particularly, Coucism had won the field. People thought progress was part of the law of nature. Everything was getting better and better.

Monsignor Sheen once reduced their optimism to its logical absurdity by pointing out that in five years things would be five years better, in ten years so much the more, and so on. He hardly needed to bid his hearers and readers to look around them. A half century which has had two world wars can hardly stick to a belief in automatic progress.

We know now, or at least suspect, that the great minds of the past probed into the heart of things in a way few are able or willing to probe today. There is a heritage of some 25 centuries recorded for us. And the best of it reaches the summit of human wisdom.

We may pause to consider why we must turn to the past for this wisdom

rather than to the present. For one thing, not one of the great books of our century may yet be written. A more compelling reason, though, is that given by Cardinal Newman. He saw the human story proceeding in cycles. Or perhaps we should say, in cities. There was that transcendent culture which we associate with Jerusalem. There was that soaring of the human reason which makes the name of Athens to this day a synonym for the cultivation of the mind. And there was that tougher culture of reason and law which bears the stamp of Rome. We might add a fourth, Paris, especially if we are thinking of the Paris of St. Thomas.

But a fifth? Whatever their virtues, and they are many, would one seriously wish to add the name of London or New York? Or, as Chesterton once so gleefully suggested, Birmingham (England, not Alabama)? But the products of those cities, we can hear the scoffer say, belong in the museums. And so must the reflective mind today consult (if not precisely "belong in") the museum.

Man, unlike the beast, was not born yesterday. Noble thoughts, generous

ideas, warm impulses are not the invention of contemporary life. To take two mild examples from the fairly recent past, *Gulliver* and *Alice* are our contemporaries because they have a permanent existence. Once crystallized, they live in the world of books and in the life of the mind forever. We would be poorer for it if we had to invent them now. Or take *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote*. Each age, in a sense, lives them, but it would be absurd to think that each age should have to re-write them. It is as though each generation were asked to build Chartres cathedral.

One of the most unfortunate impressions conveyed by what Wilfrid Ward called the "siege mentality" is the idea that the Reformation substituted the written word for the picture of stained glass or the stone of the cathedral statue. Many Catholics have allowed themselves to be persuaded that whatever Catholic culture may be, it is not a book culture. Nothing could be further from the truth. We are the proper heirs of a past of more than stone and monument. Ours is a long and distinguished tradition of the manuscript page and the printed book.

When the Middle ages reached their peak the friars went out over Europe founding chairs of learning in the universities, preserving their learning in books and adding to it. From the earliest days of the Church, the Fathers and the saints dipped their pens and wrote to help glorify the Word. We, more than anyone else, are their heirs for their language, the very

idiom of the past, is ours. In Aristotle we recognize a kindred spirit; in Augustine, in the Venerable Bede, in Aquinas, in St. Thomas More, we find thoughts that are our thoughts and words that have for us the same weight of meaning they had when they were written.

The great books are ours, and yet what can we say of those volumes recognized as "The Great Books"? To put the problem quite bluntly: are not many of the Great Books on the Index? What of our claims to being heirs of the past if we must admit that many of the books men call great, books which have survived as literature and thought, are either restricted to only some of us, or forbidden to all? (Of course, if a book is specifically named in the Index it may not be read without permission.)

It will certainly be a nod in the direction of Mammon if we say there are some books which are indeed great and which are yet on the Index. Would we call great art a painting which celebrated Satan's rebellion under the caption, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven"? Let us know very clearly what we are about. No, we cannot call these books great. Still less, however, can we deny their significance.

Many of the "Great Books" are not great, or great only in a gnarled and baleful way. But their significance, sometimes their bitter significance, we should be the last to deny. Some of them have destroyed our world; they have made us alien to our heritage. But their significance in terms of hu-

man thought is obviously undeniable.

A sense of hierarchy will come to our rescue here. We should not hold that everyone is capable of reading without harm every book, however significant, which was ever written. Some by their very nature are meant only for serious students, let us say, of history or philosophy. With proper authority, those books may be read. Others may be for a handful of readers in any age; others for none at all. Clearly our approach to the problem should be humble. Humility, which is the threshold to wisdom, will make its proper and varying demands on each of us.

There are many books which do not reflect the fullness of our heritage which we may yet read, and from which we may profit. These books do not "teach" us anything, it is true. But neither do great books by Catholic authors "teach" in the sense that they tell us anything we did not know before, at least in an imperfect way. Although we may "learn" much from Dante's *Divine Comedy*, for example, no one in his senses would go to Dante to learn the truths of Catholic doctrine for the first time. Unless we know what the book contains, so to speak, before we open it, we shall never find out. As a perplexed college student once complained, "You've got to know everything before you can know anything."

Only a few of the great books (and because the Bible transcends the nature of all other books it does not properly come under our consideration) con-

tain what was not known before. Aristotle's *Metaphysics* comes to mind as a book which was, so to speak, made out of the whole cloth. But most of the great books give us, as Pope put it

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

We should seek from many of the great books the very thing we look for in the other forms of art, in painting, in sculpture: imperishable form. From others we receive, sometimes in the form of great art, sometimes not, significant thought, thought which molds our characters and our lives.

It is possible to live the good life, to possess an inner life of thought and contemplation, without books. It is possible, though difficult. It is impossible to cultivate the graces, to be truly civilized, without them. The inventions and conveniences of this century, the life we lead in the great cities, the artificialities of existence that we seem unable to escape, all these things serve to cut us off from the past. The very concepts of time and distance we have today differentiate us not only from our more remote ancestors, but from our grandparents. We live in a shrinking world, a world with little of the wonder commonplace a short time ago. Yet in books we can boast one connection with that past.

If this were all, if books were keys to the past alone, it would be much, yet something would be lacking. "Life is for action," as Newman bravely said, and we cannot forever be taking thought. But the great books of the

past exist for the future. We have had a generation or two of complete rule of thumb, of leadership by men who acted as though we were all born yesterday. We know now that the wisdom of the past will not provide more richness than we need to face the future.

It is a thing of hope to remember

that when all the world seemed lost, when Rome, the city of man, was conquered by the barbarians of the North and much of the world laid waste, St. Augustine wrote a book. He wrote of the things that perish and of the things that do not perish. And he called it *The City of God*.



Set up the easel and try

Sure You Can Paint

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Condensed from *Columbia**

AN Austrian-Jewish painter came in to my Fleet St. office. He showed me photographs of works he had exhibited in Germany and Austria, and asked me whether I could help him with introductions now that he had to flee from his country to escape persecution. I assured him I would do anything I could, but I knew little of the art world and could not help him much.

Then an idea struck me. The poor man would probably be glad to have a temporary home for his wife and himself. I said, "Would you care to spend two or three weeks with my family—and if you feel inspired you could paint a portrait of my wife for

a somewhat smaller fee than you are accustomed to expect, a fee that I could afford?" The painter was obviously delighted, and within a few days he and his wife settled in my home.

This was the first time I had ever seen a professional painter seriously at work on a big subject. I watched him, fascinated, for many hours. As he worked, I felt strongly that I knew what he was doing and why he was doing it, and that I, given the chance, could do something like it. The strength of the feeling considerably impressed the painter.

And so I, too, started to paint. During the ten years since I have painted off and on, to amuse myself; to deco-

*New Haven, Conn. August, 1949.

rate, at lowest cost, the walls of a rather large country house; to record the faces of my relations and friends; and to provide a number of presents. I have had neither the time nor courage to work with any professional intent. However, this year I submitted paintings to the Guild of Catholic Artists and Craftsmen for its annual exhibition in London. To my delight one was accepted and hung.

No one, it is true, offered the 15 guineas (about \$100) I amused myself by asking for it, but I have received a number of letters about it, including one by a priest who reports that an "art teacher at the best-known art school in England" told him "that on consideration he thought it easily the best in the exhibition." (I have to mention this because it is my only credential for writing on this subject at all—and I want to write about it because I am absolutely certain that I can help to do for many readers what the encounter with the Austrian artist once did for me, namely, put me on a track which has given me more fun than anything else in my life.)

When a hobby is chosen, the first move is to buy a book by an expert. Usually the expert is a man who has long forgotten the utter ignorance of beginners, and soon the beginner is left in despair because the expert has forgotten to explain the things he takes for granted but we know nothing about. How often have I longed for help from my fellow beginner, the chap who is only a few moves ahead of myself. It is in that spirit, then, that

I venture with my little authority to help you to enjoy the delightful hobby of painting.

If you have eyes to see with and are not paralyzed in hands and arms, then you can paint. The essential technique is copying what you see, shape, line, color. As I write, I am looking at a rose-colored brick wall. Anyone in the world can lay rose color onto paper and mark with a darker color the patterns of lines formed by the bricks. Now if you try to do this exactly as you see it, for some reason or other you won't like the result. If you do it roughly so that some of the rose color is lighter than the rest, with bits of white showing through where your brush skipped over the paper, then your painting will look far more like the real thing. Why? Because when we look at things, we take in only a small part of what we see. We also contribute a great deal to what we see out of our mind and feeling. Before looking at any actual brick wall, you already know what a brick wall looks like, and you already feel the pleasant quality of a broken pattern of warm color. Therefore, when you look at a real brick wall, you see only a rough and pleasant rendering of the actual thing. Your inaccurate drawing is nearer to this than any mathematically exact rendering. If you succeed with a simple example like this, the rest is practice.

But now a serious warning. If I ask you to try to paint, you will almost certainly try to find a water-color box among your children's things or go

out and buy one. The result will be disastrous. Water color is the hardest paint to use. I attribute my own reasonable success entirely to the fact that I watched a man working in oils and promptly imitated him with oils. This was the experience of Winston Churchill. Water color, if applied dry, looks like nothing on earth; if applied wet on wet paper, it is exceedingly difficult to control.

Oils are the medium to start with, but they are rather expensive. It is hard to equip oneself satisfactorily without spending \$25 to \$30. You need the paints. You need the palette. You need the easel. You need the brushes and a palette knife. You need oil and turpentine, and a canvas or canvas board. Also, by the way, you need some head-toe protection if you do not want to ruin your clothes.

Expense, I think, is the biggest snag in the way of taking up painting. But it is worth it. When you have finally set your easel, taken your palette in your left hand, with some generous doses of paint regimented around it, a thick, heavy, hogs-hair paintbrush in your hand, then you will feel master of the world. Do not forget to squeeze out large quantities of white. You will mix it with every color since in oils white paint is the only source of light. You look up. What do you see? A mass of blue sky with gray and white clouds riding across it, green-brown fields divided by darker hedges or shadows, a clump of trees whose shape and variety is conveyed to you by the masses of light and shadow and the

skeleton of trunks and branches, perhaps some water, reflecting the sky, in the foreground.

Outline in charcoal the main divisions of the scene. The sky is blue—very well, boldly dip your brush into the blue paint, mix it with white to get it like the color you see and then apply it. Oil paint will stay where it is put. If you don't like the way it looks, smooth it down or roughen it up. You can even scrape it away and start again. That's painting. And what a thrill you get with oils; appearance, tactile value, thickness, their faithful rendering of something you can both see and feel.

You will probably make an unholy mess of this picture before you have finished with it. Not till you have tried a dozen times will you produce anything that can begin to satisfy you. But you will find you will want to carry on, because you will have a sense of control, a sense that rich paints have it in them to convey the richness and beauty of the scene before you. How I envy you the first excitement of making oils speak for you.

When you get the feel of oils with the thick brushes, you will not stand for the finicky, accurate painting that beginners usually attempt. It will be a matter of broad masses of color, of light and shade, of receding bluish distances, and the solidity of foreground objects translated into solid paint. And as for a way of passing the time, hours go by like minutes even when the final result is fit for nothing but the ash can.

When you have played with some half-dozen pictures, then buy a book and read it, and learn all the hints and directions. The art-materials dealer will equip you with all you need within the measure of your purse, but here are one or two little suggestions. Buy the biggest tube of white you can get. Luckily, it's the cheapest color. Limit your other colors to about half a dozen to start with, yellow, red, blue, black, brown, and green. It does not greatly matter if you cannot make the exact shade you want. It is more important to see that the colors on your canvas go well together than that the rendering should be faithful. After all, the scene you are painting, with the particular lights you see, will disappear. What remains is your painting, which should stand on its own as a thing of beauty and interest. Do not attempt to paint your own house or garden or village for people to say that it's not a bit like it. Go further afield, and find a scene that interests you, no matter how simple or apparently unpicturesque. Remember that nature has no boundaries, whereas your canvas has very rigid boundaries. Try to think of the scene as fitting into those artificial boundaries, and do not hesitate to twist, elongate, shorten nature so that she fits and makes a pleasant design. Say to yourself, "I am creating a new

thing. I am not just imitating or photographing."

If oil painting becomes too expensive, I would then recommend pastels. Pastels are soft crayons or colored chalks, and can be used like oils. Use large pieces of colored cover paper. Break your pastels and use the sides rather than the points. Apply the chalk generously, firmly, boldly. Leave out details and accidents until you feel more at home. Work with a dozen pastels and have them make your picture instead of despairing because you have not the exact color.

If you have courage, and refuse to take notice of friends and relations, you will progress. Oddly enough, it is then, and not at first, that the temptation to despair will assault you. Painting is like golf. Your first shots are not so bad. It's later that you begin to break your clubs because you know what you ought to be doing, and cannot do it as you would like. There will be times when you will hate painting; when you will lock up your paints and throw your easel into the junk room. But you will return, humbled, chastened, and ready to serve again. The fun of painting is for you, even if you have never drawn a straight line in your life. Actually, in nature there are no straight lines; there are just curves and sweeps and wriggles.



Life without fun is like an automobile without springs.

Bluebird Briefs.

The 19th Hole

Condensed from *Convoys**

I ARSH judgment of the devotees of the royal and ancient sport of golf is not of current origin. In the early days of golf in Scotland, a minister wrote, "Do you mean to tell me that men out of an asylum can go on driving a ball for hours along the grass? I can imagine them doing it for a few minutes; but is it conceivable that men with reason, men not actually insane, can go on spending a whole day, day after day, in merely hitting a ball! I really think their friends should look after them. It betokens a softening of the brain and incipient lunacy."

Nobody knows just where or when golf was first played, but available records indicate that the noble game had its birth in the Netherlands. The name, golf, is derived from the Dutch *Kolf*, a variation of the German *Kolbe*, meaning club. It has been called *golff*, *gouff*, and *gowff*, the last being the Scots word that was pronounced exactly as the name of the game is today.

Golf, known in Holland as early as the 16th century, can be traced back as far as 1457 in Scotland. Even at that date, however, it is known that golf



balls were imported from Holland.

In the beginning, golf was a game for the nobility; golf courses, or links, were to be found only on the huge estates of the landed gentry. The first golf club, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, was founded in 1744. Ten years later the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrew's was organized, and has

dominated the sport ever since. Rules and their interpretations, as set forth by the authorities of St. Andrew's, are accepted all over the world. The one spot excluded is the U. S., where golf is governed by the U. S. Golf Association. That body, though, usually is in agreement with the Scotch gentlemen.

The first evidence of golf in America may be found in an advertisement published in *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, April 21, 1779. It said, "To the Golf Players—The season for this pleasant and healthy exercise now advancing. Gentlemen may be furnished with excellent clubs and the veritable Caledonian Balls by enquiring at the printer's." A few other old records offer proof that golf was played in

*Cupples-Hess Corp., St. Louis, 15, Mo. Vol. 8, No. 1.

Charleston, S. C., in 1786, and in Savannah, Ga., in 1796.

The sport lay dormant in this country until almost a century later. In 1887 Robert Lockhart, a Scots linen buyer, brought a supply of clubs and balls from Scotland. Lockhart and a countryman, John Reid, interested a few neighbors in the game, and laid out a crude course in a pasture at Yonkers, just north of New York City. The next year, 1888, this small group organized the first club in this country, and called it St. Andrew's. The club still exists, but its home was shifted to Mt. Hope, N. Y., in 1897.

While the Scots, who adopted the game, loved it dearly, the English ridiculed it for many years. It was the same in America; the sport was regarded with contempt and scorn, and it wasn't until 1915 that golf suddenly became "the thing to do." By 1920, there were 2,800 golf clubs in this country, and in 1930 the U. S. boasted 5,691 clubs with a combined property value of some \$830 million. In 1941, the number of players who played at least ten rounds during the season was 2,351,000, and they toured the standard 18 holes 63,406,000 times. These figures do not include a quarter-million players who played fewer than ten rounds a season, nor caddies and golf-course personnel, who play a great deal oftener.

Today's players would look with horror on the implements that the first golfers used. Clubs were crude wooden "shinny" sticks, with long, ponderous heads and thick shafts.

Golf balls were leather casings stuffed with "as many feathers as would fill a hat." Feather balls were expensive, split easily when strokes were dubbed, and became soggy when used over a wet course. Substitutes were tried, wood, celluloid, and even, at a later date, aluminum. The early substitutes for the feather balls were lacking in distance, none of them allowing more than 100 yards when struck a good blow by a good player. That speaks well for the distances attained with the feather balls.

In 1848, the gutta-percha ball was introduced; a smooth surfaced, solid ball. The gutty, as it was usually called, was unpredictable, highly erratic in flight, and broke into pieces after being used a while. Players found that gutties that had been scarred and cut by poor stroking flew much straighter than new ones, and so the "dimpled" ball came into being. The new ball would be either dented with the sharp claw of a hammer, or be given the dimples when molded. There wasn't much that could be done about their breaking up—the player just picked up the pieces and had them recast.

The caddy made the balls and clubs. Caddy comes from the French *cadet*, and was used in Scotland to designate a messenger or porter. The caddy was an important person; he also gave lessons, and was advisor and confessor to his patrons. He was the first golf pro.

In 1898, the rubber-cored ball, almost as we know it today, was made by Dr. Coburn Haskell, an American.

There is no reliable record of tournament scores when the feather ball was in use, but the difference between the gutty and the new rubber ball is apparent. From 1892 to 1901, with the gutty in play, the average score in the British Open was 78.5—from 1902-1926, with the new rubber-cored ball, the score was 75.1—and from 1927 to 1939, the average dropped to 72.2.

A young army officer, returned to the States after the last war, related some interesting facts about golf in India, where he was stationed for a time. Caddy fees there are ridiculously small, and the regular fee entitles the golfer to four caddies! The caddies are ragged, barefoot urchins, with a remarkable sense of duty. One carries the clubs, another goes on ahead to act as spotter—and the other two shoo away numerous buzzards that swoop down and snatch a ball before it has stopped rolling. With golf balls worth their weight in gold (at that time and place) such a crew was necessary.

The courses in India couldn't have been any worse than some of the first in Scotland, where heather and furze made golfing difficult. The well-manicured courses of today are a far cry from the pasture-land makeshifts of years gone by. The number of holes has changed, too.

In 1858 (the story goes), the board of St. Andrew's sat in conference, debating the question of just how many holes a golf course should have. After hours of fruitless argument, one of the elders arose and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Gentlemen, you have been deliberating the situation all the day, and I had hoped you would arrive at a decision that I might agree with. Now I see that I must set forth my own views.

"You all know that it has been my practice to begin a round of golf with a full bottle of good Scotch whisky in my bag. The reason, you must understand, is that our rigorous climate makes it necessary for me to have a warming nip at each tee.

"I carry with me, too, a small glass, which will hold about an ounce and a half when filled so full that not one drop can be added.

"As long as there is a drink left in the bottle, naturally I find it pleasant to continue my game. On the other hand, I feel, once the bottle is empty it would be injurious to my health to play any longer.

"I find that a bottle of whisky will fill my glass just 18 times, so each day it has been my pleasure to play 18 holes—not one less, not one more.

"Gentlemen," the old man concluded, "I can think of no possible way that I may alter such a beneficial and pleasant custom, unless, perhaps, the whisky bottle be made larger. That, I fear, the manufacturers would not agree to do."

So the St. Andrew's golf course came to have 18 holes, and other courses were patterned after it. Change is inevitable, however, and the 18-hole course has been relegated to the oblivion it deserved. A good round of golf today, as everyone knows, includes a 19th hole.

Pioneer in the wards

Cancer Fighter

By THOMAS PARROTT, C.M.

Condensed from the *Vincentian**

PITY for the sick is a trait of human nature, but not to the point of self-sacrifice. Only the noble give themselves for others. Rose Hawthorne was a noble woman. Rose, remarkably intelligent, thoroughly cultured, lover of beauty and charm, spent 31 years among the simple, illiterate, cancerous poor of New York City.

Cancer has risen from seventh place 25 years ago among fatal diseases to second. Approximately 350,000 Americans have it; of the children born this year, about 20% of the boys and 22% of the girls will become its victims sometime during their lives. But millions of dollars are being spent by the government and private agencies on research and care, and thousands are spending themselves. Among these last are the Dominican Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer, founded by the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is to the interest awakened by this firebrand that we owe in no small measure the existence today of the American Cancer society, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Re-

search in New York City, the Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital in St. Louis, the Winstar Institute of Anatomy and Biology in Philadelphia, and scores of other similar institutions. In the original Federal Cancer Act, \$700,000 was appropriated to fight the scourge. In 1948 the sum reached \$14 million. One feels now that the future promises a permanent cure for cancer.

During the last century, though, no one could have prophesied such developments. Cancer was the leprosy of that century. It was thought to be highly contagious. Often its victims were asked to leave home for the sake of young Johnny or Mary. Sometimes force was used. The cancerous had to struggle for themselves. They couldn't work: no one would hire them. They wandered about like stray dogs. For food they stood in the bread line, silent, offended, angry. At night they huddled tightly between boxes, newspapers serving as blankets. To avoid all this, men and women secretly endured the excruciating pains of the disease. When it did appear openly they invented ingenious ways of hid-

ing its appearance. There is one story told of the old woman who poured lye over her ulcerous sore, hoping in this way to mislead the physician. It was this situation that aroused Rose Hawthorne.

When Rose was 20 she married George Parsons Lathrop, associate editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. A son was born some years after the marriage. He died in his seventh year.

Though always of a religious temperament, the death of her son made Rose think more often of the hereafter. She recalled her own childhood days, her trip to Rome, her visit to St. Peter's. She thought of the little blue rosary her mother's friend had given her. Then she visited a Catholic church, talked to a priest, once, twice; began questioning the orthodoxy of her own beliefs. In 1891 she entered the Church.

It was the death of a friend that opened to Rose Hawthorne new, unknown horizons. When she heard that her seamstress was dying, Rose rushed to her side. On finding the room open and empty she was puzzled and bewildered. Where is she? Am I too late? She hunted out the landlady's quarters, only to be told that her friend had cancer and had been asked to leave.

"But her critical condition?"

"I know, ma'am, but I have myself to look out for and my other roomers threatened to leave unless I got rid of her."

A few days after this shock she presented herself to the superintendent of

the Memorial hospital in Central Park. "I ask for no reward save the knowledge of how to aid the cancerous poor." Of course, she was accepted. At the completion of her nursing course, she rented a dingy three-room apartment in the tough and noisy slums of the lower East Side of New York City. Her new home would be a refuge for incurable cancer patients. She regretted not having more room, but at the death of her husband in 1898 she was left very little.

Her working day began with 5:30 Mass. After Mass she ate a light breakfast, then with kit in hand she walked through Chinatown, past foul-smelling sewers, jumbled tenements, and cheap hotels. In the beginning the "dead-end kids" hissed her, encouraged by their parents' silent approval. She was a "germ carrier." They forgot she was human. She yearned for understanding, kindness, sympathy. Gradually her tormentors tired. They began to soften towards her, first with a niggardly smile, then a "good-morning," finally a helping hand.

Upon finding the cancerous she patiently convinced them of her wish to help them. She spoke to them of God, encouraged them, restored to them their stolen dignity. After she did all she could, she gave them her address, suggesting that they come to her house for further aid. Because they were poor, human, helpless, they did. When they came, there was no four-page questionnaire to be filled out, no "I'll let you know in a week or so." She asked for no relics of the past. She had

no office hours, was no career woman. Some nights she was lucky to get five hours' sleep.

It was inevitable that the story of the woman with the kit should make the headlines. Her work was news. A reporter from the *Times* interviewed her. He saw the poor with "funeral-pace" steps enter the room; heard the moans of the sick; glanced at their naked wounds. That night he was up late, writing of Rose.

Rose was now before the public eye, but with this publicity came more patients. Her meager income was growing too small for her ever-increasing expenditures. She had to seek help. She turned first to her friends. They were loyal but not millionaires. Then she hounded city charity officials. They tried to evade her but she outwaited them. Finally her plea was heard, and refused. There was nothing left to do but approach the people directly. But how? Just then her thoughts were interrupted by the young lad selling the *Times*. There's the answer. At home she sat down and put her heart on paper.

"A great home is needed for nursing incurable cancer. Persons who ought to know the truth say that the incurable poor are amply cared for by hospitals already at work. Hospital and dispensary aid for the poor continues to be unfeeling and superficial, as is well known to people at hand, though denied by those in charge. There are no free beds in hospitals for the incurable poor. We are at work for those sick who get 10¢ a month or nothing

at all unless we intercede for them."

The article was in complete harmony with her thoughts. Rose told the truth. Judging from the dimes and dollars she received, the public was not offended. Such was the first of a series of appeals and admonitions to the people of New York City.

"I am trying," she wrote, "to serve the poor as a servant. I wish to serve the cancerous poor because they are avoided more than any other class of sufferers; and I wish to go to them as a poor creature myself, though I am able to help them through the open-handed gifts of public kindness, because it is by humility and sacrifice alone that we feel the holy spirit of joy."

Here's the Gospel dressed in 19th century clothes. It is still invigorating. It directed Alice Huber, a young, energetic woman, to help.

The bitter days ahead would have weakened the less courageous. There were more demands; less money. There were more house patients; less room. This was the crisis. Either they had to find a larger house or turn patients away. The former was nearly impossible, the latter unthinkable. Trusting in the supernatural to provide their corporal needs, after a long and tedious search, they found a suitable house. With a parade of beds, a trickle of chairs, six house patients, and an empty purse, they moved into their new home on Cherry street. The day was May 1, 1899.

It was about this time they had the good fortune of meeting a young

priest, Father Thuente. He appointed himself spiritual director. Father Thuente was a born organizer. He introduced system into their work. He spoke to Rose of establishing a religious community. "It will assure the continuance of your work long after you're gone."

If Rose had needed convincing, these words dispelled all need. The Church is always slow to approve new foundations. It wants to make sure it is God's work, not man's. The Church saw no reason to make an exception in this case. Conference followed conference, devastating obstacles arose and were overcome, advice was taken and sieved. Finally approbation was given them to become a part of the great Dominican Order under the patronage of St. Rose of Lima. Rose became Mother Alphonsa and Alice, Sister Rose. Their rules were simple, direct, and forceful.

1. There would be no experimentation on the incurables in their charge.

2. There would be no aversion shown toward any patient.

3. There was to be no money received from relatives and friends of

the patients. This would avert the well-known result of pay patients ousting the destitute.

If they thought "to live happily ever after" they were sadly mistaken. The wolf was again at the door, this time howling. Not only did they have themselves and the sick to feed and clothe, but also postulants. Mother Alphonsa had to write articles constantly pleading for money. But always her pleas were answered. She got enough to keep her work going.

Mother Alphonsa for many years conducted a one-woman crusade against cancer. She convinced Americans that cancer was not contagious; that responsibility fell upon them to help the poor who were unable to help themselves. She died July 9, 1926. But her work continued, as Father Thuente predicted, and it expanded.

Today, her Sisters of St. Dominic have institutions in the Archdioceses of New York, Philadelphia, and St. Paul, and in the Dioceses of Fall River and Savannah-Atlanta. Among the list of cancer-fighters, the "woman with the kit" will always be remembered.

A Pope Passes the Buck

THOUSANDS of letters are sent to the Holy Father by all kinds of people from all over the world. Once, a very excited lady wrote to Pope Benedict XIV that Anti-Christ had already been born, and that he would make his first public appearance after three and a half years. She knew that from a private revelation made to her directly by God.

The pope, who was then very advanced in age, was not perturbed. Throwing the letter into his waste basket, he said smilingly to his secretary, "Thank God, that will be the concern of my successor."

The Liguorian (May '49).

Pike's Peak or bust

The Great Peanut Push

By HAROLD HELFER

Condensed from the *Victorian**



IN ALL the annals of Americana, there is probably nothing quite as singularly bizarre as an event that began on the morning of May 20, 1929, at Rainbow Falls on the Ute Pass road at the foot of Pike's Peak in Colorado. There a man named Bill Williams, with a long rod attached to his nose, got down on his hands and knees and, with his head bent downward, began moving slowly along the gravel road. He was pushing a peanut with his nose. He intended to push it the 22 miles to the top of the peak.

Reporters were on hand to cover the undertaking and hundreds of motorists had driven there to watch. The fame of Bill Williams as a peanut pusher had spread far and wide. He was a plasterer who lived at Rio Hondo, Texas, and he had been an Al Smith man. He had said, "By gosh, if Al Smith doesn't carry Texas I'll push a peanut with my nose all the way to Harlingen."

Herbert Hoover captured the presidential electoral votes of Texas, but no one expected Bill Williams to carry out his self-imposed penalty. A lot of rash statements are made before elections. And the town of Harlingen was 11 miles from Rio Hondo.

But Williams declared staunchly he

was going to do what he had said he was going to do. He was not one to go back on his word. So, having fashioned a rod-like instrument to wear at the end of his nose, he got down on his hands and knees and began pushing a peanut. Eleven days later, he had pushed the peanut into Harlingen.

The 11 peanut-pushing days of Bill Williams had turned him into one of the most renowned figures in the country. Reams of copy were written about him, and his picture appeared in countless magazines and newspapers. His exploit was a favorite drugstore topic and no vaudeville skit was complete without a gag about it.

All this stirred Bill Williams, who had until then lived in obscurity, to loftier ambitions. One day it came to him. He would subjugate mighty Pike's Peak itself by rolling a peanut up it with his nose.

Pushing a peanut upwards with your nose is obviously a tougher proposition than pushing it along a level road. But he set the pace for his 22-mile jaunt at the rate of a mile a day, the mileage he had averaged on his Rio Hondo-Harlingen enterprise.

And he pretty well stuck to this program. Sometimes rain would interfere, but he would make up for the lost time

the next day. Once he went one and three-tenths of a mile in one day.

He had only one complaint. "The gravel on the road," he said, "I never saw such gravel. It is the hardest in my experience. Imagine wearing out five peanuts in only nine-tenths of a mile. And the sixth peanut was in bad shape." On his Rio Hondo-Harlingen jaunt he had averaged four miles to the peanut.

Squirrels interfered too. They would sometimes dash around the man on his hands and knees. They thought it very odd for anyone to push a peanut with his nose instead of eating it.

But Bill Williams made it, and right on the nose, as you might say, as far as his self-imposed schedule went. He reached the top of Pike's Peak almost exactly 22 days to the minute after he had begun the undertaking.

The great peanut-pushing epic ended without any fanfare. Only two persons were on hand to see the finish.

The local paper, the Colorado Springs *Gazette*, published only a paragraph about it. For there were many things doing in 1929: Black Bottom contests, marathon dances, speakeasy shootings, and the like, and people had lost their interest in a man pushing a peanut with his nose, even up mighty Pike's Peak.

Bill Williams dropped out of sight after that and hasn't been seen or heard of publicly since. But his remarkable feat has made some sort of impression, after all. Nobody writes anybody anymore trying to find out who won a Black Bottom contest in 1929, or who shot whom in what speakeasy. Yet, to this day, people still write to Colorado Springs authorities asking about the man who once pushed a peanut up Pike's Peak with his nose. The thing that seems to concern them, as much as anything else, is how many peanuts he wore out doing it.

The answer is 184.

Wrong Number

DURING a visit with my wife's girlhood friend who is a nun at a religious academy, she informed us that along with other duties she was in charge of the sleeping quarters of a group of young children attending the convent's school. Recently, around two o'clock in the morning, an outside phone call by-passed the academy's switchboard in some way, and rang the phone on her desk.

She answered the phone in the academy's standard manner, saying, "Sister Alice Veronica, Angels' Dormitory." There was no reply, but hearing strange sounds at the other end of the line, she repeated the phrase. This time, however, an obviously inebriated and awed voice quavered "I didn't expect to get THERE so quick. I only wanted Tommy's Taxi Service." Whereupon the caller, mumbling incoherently, hung up.

Sister thinks the academy's colorful name for the children's dormitories must have made the caller's morning-after more painful than usual.

Philip P. Vellono.



Me and My Kids

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Condensed from *COR**

IF THE old-time saints wore hair shirts at all, they used only one at a time. I'm not saying that wearing only one hair shirt at a time is a lark. Indeed, I can imagine that in very hot weather wearing even one hair shirt could be uncomfortable. This would be particularly true when you were playing tennis, swimming, or walking the streets looking for a decent place to live.

But one hair shirt is, after all, only one hair shirt. It is a good penance. It will do you a lot of good. But for those who really want to climb the heights of perfection, I can recommend nothing better than marriage and six children. I think six, ranging in age from eight months to 11 years, will do the trick. Preferably four girls and two boys. Of course, if you are something of a perfectionist, you can always have a baker's dozen. They come cheaper that way. My experience thus far though, has been that even six will do.

Six children will either make you or break you. You will either radiate sanctity like an electric heater or do anything to get out of the house, alone, for a few quiet hours. If you neverthe-

less go right on being a genuine parent, you can't miss. The pearly gates are already opening wide for you.

This simple truth should be a great consolation to millions of parents. They do not have to bother their heads about the United Nations, or what is going on in labor unions, or the latest news dispatches from Ceylon, or pyramid clubs. They do not have to read volumes on how to become saints, how to save our topsy-turvy civilization, or how to fight communism. All they have to do to help in the restoration of all things in Christ is to practice integral Christianity in the home.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am not sneering at Christian radicals. Every one of us needs to have his elbow jogged once in a while. All of us tend to get into a rut, to take Christianity for granted, to become lazy and routine-minded in the practice of our religion. Wholehearted Christians are a valuable asset in any society. They help to keep the rest of us on the beam.

But spiritual perfection is more easily found in the home, is less expensive, and more difficult to achieve in the home. If we achieve sanctity right where we are we will be doing

a far more valuable thing, for ourselves and others, than if we try to reform people at the ends of the earth.

Take dinner as an example. First of all, there is the major operation of getting the table set. You speak to the older children—and nothing happens. Clare is drumming on the piano, Jane has her nose in a book, Ellen is doing some idle crayon work, John Daniel is playing with his tinker toy, Brigid is roaming around upstairs getting into mischief, and Damian is gurgling in his play pen.

"Set the table!"

"Just a minute, daddy!"

Ten minutes pass. Nothing has happened.

Now you are a Christian gentleman. You know that you are supposed to practice Christianity, not merely once in a while, but all the time. Not merely in the office, factory, or school, but in the home. You know that. But it so happens that you are hungry.

If you are striving for sanctity in the home, this is decidedly not the time to get mad. Anybody can be short-tempered in a similar situation. Pagans get mad all the time. But a Christian gentleman should not blow his top simply because his children pay him no attention at dinner time.

Thus it happens that the Christian father has to put down his newspaper, get up from his easy chair by the radio, knock the ashes out of his pipe, take off his glasses, and personally canvass the situation. He must explain to each child, quietly, calmly, and as persuasively as possible, that it is time for

dinner, that the grownups are hungry, and that it is an ancient and laudable custom for good little children to set the table.

"O. K., daddy!"

You have thus far achieved greatness in the spiritual life. You had a strong, vulgar, and earthy temptation to swat each of the children where it would do the most good—except the baby and the three-year-old upstairs you could not reach—and you held yourself in grip. You mastered yourself. You did not permit a momentary irritation to get the better of you. You demonstrated the superiority of mind over matter, and of Christianity over mind. You were a perfect Christian, and your reward in heaven will be very great.

Of course, your purgatory is just beginning. Children, as you will soon discover, have no sense of the value of time. As far as they are concerned, one minute and one day are like all the rest, and everything turns out well in the end. All their storybooks say so. Why should they disturb the even, unhurried tempo of what is to them a new and startlingly beautiful world? Why should they ever worry, fret, or hurry?

The irksome details of daily living are left entirely to daddy. What difference does it make, for example, whether the front door is left open or closed? Why get excited if all the electric lights in the house are turned on nearly all the time? If daddy's mail is lost, it will surely turn up again. In a child's world, breakfast is dinner,

today is tomorrow, and the biggest news in the world, repeated over and over again, is that little Nellie down the street fell off her tricycle or Bobby Somebody has a scratch on his big nose.

When the older children return from the Sacred Heart parish school I am badgered for weekly allowances, ranging from two pennies to a quarter, or coaxed to buy a package of beet seeds for the garden I do not have, or invited to listen to a new piece on the piano, or urged to play a game of monopoly or Chinese checkers, or cajoled into holding one end of a jump rope, or requested to tell a story, or ordered to explain the meaning of a filibuster, or asked to give a biographical sketch of Daniel Boone, or teased into subscribing to a new comic book, or petitioned to invest in another and larger stock of bubble gum.

It so happens that I am a professor at Georgetown and spend more time at home, between classes, than the average workingman. As a consequence, I am harassed by children for longer periods of time than most fathers in this generation. I try to seize these golden opportunities for further advancement in the spiritual life, but I admit that a desert island sometimes looks very good to me.

I don't mind very much getting a lot of attention when I don't want it. What really burns me up is getting no attention at all when I am hungry. When the time comes for setting the dinner table, I am left severely alone. The silent boycott is absolute and com-

plete. No one is the slightest bit interested in dinner, or me.

There are times, of course, when the older children do not hear you at table. They are busily discussing some naughty little boy who played with matches and was nearly burned to death. If my memory serves me correctly, we have had that unfortunate child, his clothes aflame, for 16 consecutive dinners. There are days on end when even hamburger and onions do not tempt me.

Well, day is almost done. Cheer up! Allow an hour for the dishes to be removed. When the family Rosary starts, somebody is sure to announce "The Little Boy Who Was Nearly Burned to Death Because He Played With Matches When His Mother Wasn't Looking" as the family intention for the 3rd decade. This means you are unable to concentrate on the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. Heaven and hell get a bit confused in your head, but you try to do the best you can under these trying circumstances.

At the end of the Rosary, in a state of utter fatigue, you help out with the pajamas. Put them all in bed. Kiss them all good-night. Switch off the lights. Tiptoe down stairs again. Allow two hours for all the children to fall asleep. Then go to bed yourself. You will need the rest. It's nearly midnight anyhow—and you won't be in bed very long.

During the early morning hours, from midnight to seven o'clock, I specialize in new teeth, upset stomachs,

rain, thunder and hurricanes. My wife handles all falls out of bed, insomnia, nightmares, croup, loneliness, and lost teddy bears.

My six growing hair shirts are a

peck of trouble. They would try the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. But they are also a bushel of fun—something that a single hair shirt can never be.

The Catholic case stands alone

The Church-State Problem in Utah

By ROBERT F. DRINAN, S.J.

Condensed from *America**

BACKERS of absolute separation of Church and State in the U.S. seem to be overlooking a recent case in Utah which could be a fine target for their zeal. In this case the Supreme Court of Utah upheld as constitutional a legislative grant of some \$350,000 to a private organization for erection of a memorial building dedicated to the founders of Utah, men who were, of course, the founders of Mormonism. The universal silence about this Utah incident on the part of the self-appointed champions of the separation of Church and State gives another proof that these vociferous people are zealous to protect the "impregnable wall of separation" only when it is allegedly breached by Catholics.

In 1903 a group of women from Salt Lake City formed an organization called the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. The purpose of the society, according to its bylaws, was to "perpetuate the names and achievements of the men and women who were the founders of this great Commonwealth." The Daughters did not require that their members be Mormons; but to be admitted one must be a "lineal descendant of an ancestor who came to Utah prior to the advent of the railroad in 1869." Because of this, the membership was made up almost exclusively of Mormons or ex-Mormons.

The Daughters did much self-sacrificing work throughout two decades in collecting and displaying the relics of their ancestors. They were even

*70 E. 45th St., New York City, 17. July 2, 1949.

more active in this work than the state-authorized historical society. In 1925 the Daughters incorporated, and petitioned the Legislature for funds to carry on their work. They got an annual grant of \$2,000, which they continued to receive in some of the years up to 1941. In that year, Utah gave the Daughters a 99-year lease on part of the Capitol grounds at \$1 a year; the Daughters agreed to erect a memorial building to the heroes of Utah. As of 1941, the Daughters were to finance the structure; but in 1947, after much lobbying by the Daughters, the state signed a contract for \$364,794 to build the Memorial and then turn it over to the Daughters.

Now the Daughters' troubles began. The Utah Constitution happens to be the only Constitution in the U.S. which contains the so-called "great American principle of separation of Church and state." Utah's Constitution demands unequivocally, "There shall be no union of Church and state nor shall any church dominate the state or interfere with its function. No public money or property shall be appropriated for or applied to any religious worship, exercise or instruction or for the support of an ecclesiastical establishment."

One James Thomas, a taxpayer, felt that the appropriation for the Daughters violated this section of Utah's Constitution. He brought suit for a writ to enjoin the Daughters from acting under the new legislation. In the ensuing case, *Thomas v. Daughters of Utah Pioneers* (197 P. 2d 477),

decided July 24, 1948, the Supreme Court of Utah upheld the appropriation, 3-2.

The room in the Memorial building to be dedicated to Brigham Young, founder of the Mormons, was the principal problem for the Court. Would this have proselyting value for the Mormons? Would state subsidizing of such a room be an unconstitutional aid to a religious sect? Three judges said No. One judge thought that Utah could constitutionally enhance the reputation of Brigham Young, but dissented for another reason: he felt that the grant was to a private organization not sufficiently controlled by the state.

Only one of the five judges held that the grant was barred by the state Constitution's "Separation of Church and state." He, Justice James H. Wolfe, is now one of the sponsors of the Committee for Free Political Advocacy, an organization which opposed the indictment of the 12 top communists as a violation of free speech.

Justice Wolfe admitted that the Daughters of Utah Pioneers were not a lay or clerical organization affiliated with Mormonism, and that there had been no evidence offered by the plaintiff that the Daughters' literature in any way made an attempt at religious propaganda. But none the less, the Justice held, the Daughters "have the aspect of an ecclesiastical organization, because the leaders of this organization are predominantly members of a sect one of whose cornerstones is an aggressive crusade for proselyting and

crusading." These Mormons will have the opportunity, and the temptation, to use the Memorial building to propagate the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The Constitution of Utah, concluded Justice Wolfe, prohibits the bringing into existence "of a 'setup' so highly fraught with potentialities, opportunities, and temptations for the propagation of one religious faith in contradiction to competing faiths."

The majority opinion was written by Chief Justice Roger I. McDonough. His argument goes thus: This memorial will be a public benefit; the defendants are not an ecclesiastical organization; there is no positive proof that they favor any particular religious faith. Furthermore, should it later appear that one of the purposes of the organization is proselyting, then an implied condition of the lease would be violated—this condition being the article in the Utah Constitution forbidding aid to any religious sect. If such a violation did occur, the lease could be terminated by the legislature.

This opinion, aside from its intrinsic value and logic, is noteworthy because its writer, Chief Justice McDonough, is a Catholic. His opinion clearly shows the utter falsity of the professional anti-Catholic's charges that Catholics do not and cannot support religious freedom. Here is a Catholic who in his conscience knows with certainty that Mormons have no right before God to propagate a false religion, yet who as a judge, can decree that they have a civil and constitu-

tional right to whatever incidental benefit a Memorial to the founders of Utah clearly brings them.

When a legislature has delegated creation and maintenance of a public benefit to a private or religious organization, the judiciary need not void the entire thing merely because some religious organization profits in some incidental way. For the judiciary to do so is an entirely new practice in American history. The judiciary of the U. S. has suddenly acquired a bad case of scruples, not shared by the other branches of government, about giving aid, however incidental, to religious or semireligious organizations.

According to the constitutional principles universally accepted before the revolutionary doctrines of the McColum case were introduced, state aid to a private or religious organization for a public purpose would be unobjectionable. In Justice Wolfe's dissent in the Utah case this new, radical objection to public aid to a private organization, even for a public purpose, reached a new high. The test this dissent would require is even more revolutionary than the one in the McColum case. Justice Wolfe would forbid any aid for a public purpose to any secular organization if most of its members believe firmly in one religious faith. These members might use the public service for spreading religious propaganda. How scrupulous about the separation of Church and State can we get?

Let us set out what we feel to be the traditional U.S. norms for the

courts in examining problems of this type. 1. State aid to any religious organization for specifically ecclesiastical functions is forbidden. 2. State aid to one religion for any public purpose is constitutional unless it is positively demonstrated that other religions were discriminated against in the distribution of this aid. 3. State aid to all religions on an impartial basis for a public purpose, like building morale or citizenship or spreading education, is constitutionally unassailable.

Certainly Congress had these norms in mind when (to use but one example not generally referred to) it made the GI Bill of Rights available for those who wish to study for the priesthood or the ministry. The executive and legislative branches of government continue to act on these traditional principles. Why do the courts suddenly question what has been going on for so long? Have the legislative and executive branches lived all these years

without finding out about the "great American principle of separation of Church and state"?

On March 14, 1949, the Supreme Court of the U. S. refused to review the decision of the Supreme Court of Utah in the case of *Thomas v. Daughters of Utah Pioneers*. When the Supreme Court refuses review, the usual formula is "appeal denied" or "appeal dismissed for want of a substantial federal question." In the Thomas case the Supreme Court refused review for "want of a *properly presented* substantial federal question." "Properly presented" may mean that review was refused because of some technical legal difficulty. In any event, the Supreme Court has allowed the decision of the Supreme Court of Utah to stand. Let us hope that the highest tribunal in the land has by implication retreated at least a bit from the revolutionary position it adopted in the McCollum case.

Four and a half cents and the Blood of Christ

A CHURCH in the Hexham and Newcastle diocese in England has an unusual silver chalice. It is unusual because mounted in its base are four pennies and one half-penny.

The story behind this chalice is told by Bishop Joseph McCormack:

"There was a young boy who fell ill. He was very ill. He was dying. He was just four years old.

"Before he said his last goodbye to his father and mother he asked for his money box, and he said to them: 'I give all this to you.'

"After he was dead, they opened the money box. All he had was four pennies and a half-penny. They wondered what they should do with their gift.

"At last one of them said, 'We will have a silver chalice made, and we will have these four pennies and the half-penny fixed in the base of the chalice, and our boy's gift of all he had will be given to the service of God.'

N.C.W.C. (11 Aug. '49).

FRANCE: *The Problem*

By STEPHEN J. ROCHE

Condensed from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record**

A STATISTIC expert decided to make an inventory of the consciences of the French people. "Do you believe?" was the question he asked. Sixty-five per cent replied yes; 32% no, and 3% had no opinion. Nine-tenths of the rich declared themselves believers, and one-half of the poor.

Now, though figures can deceive, they do indicate. Six in ten declared that God had some place in their lives. They were not asked if they practiced, which in France means, in a confused sort of way, attachment to the Catholic Church. One of every three Frenchmen is a pagan in the real sense of the word. Of the 65% who state they are believers, one must make precise what that word *believer* means. In France it may mean that one has been baptized, has made his solemn Communion, has been married in church, has occasionally gone to a Requiem for a deceased relative or friend, or one who hopes to die with the last sacraments. It may also mean one who goes to Mass just at Christmas, Easter, and the feast of All Saints; or, one who goes to Mass regularly and makes his Easter duty. The late Cardinal Suhard of Paris once declared, "Of the 5 million in my

diocese, nearly 4 million are completely out of touch with the Church." The writer Henry Bordeaux says that of 40 million Frenchmen, 5 million, at most, practice more or less.

You may ask how the decline set in. The answer is the lay school. In France there are two kinds of schools: the state school and the free school. The latter is supported by the Church with the offerings of the faithful. The teachers are miserably paid because the Church lacks the means to pay them a minimum wage. Then there is the lay school, maintained by the government, where no religious object, either crucifix or statue, may be exposed; where the name of God and the story of the Redeemer may never be mentioned; and where the schoolteacher is usually a thoroughgoing anticlerical. The priest of the parish may not enter there, and his only resource is to gather the Catholic children twice a week either in the Church or in a private house and instill into them a notion of the supernatural life. But the unfortunate priest has generally four, five, six or even seven parishes to look after, with not a Catholic school in the neighborhood, but many lay schools.

*41 Nassau St., Dublin, Eire. July, 1949.

As the school, so the hospital. You have Catholic hospitals in France, run by Sisters with no state aid. Side by side you find the state hospital, where no priest can enter as priest, unless the patient asks expressly for him. So the state has left nothing to chance in carrying out its program of "putting out the lights of heaven." It deprives the child of every source of knowing the supernatural; it prejudices him from his earliest years against the priests; and it leaves him, at the end, to appear before God without having ever heard or known His name.

The parochial system has completely broken down; it is useless to pretend otherwise. To the superficial observer, true, parish life seems to be what it was formerly. As you pass through the countryside, you see a church perched on a hill every two or three miles. That is the exterior. But try to penetrate. The rectory is empty and has been for years; the church is likewise shut, and if you can get a key from someone in the neighborhood, you will face chaos inside. Statues have been decapitated; stations of the cross are hanging loose; plaster is all over the place; walls gape and the roof leaks. Some kind person, perhaps the lady with the key, will tell you that there is Mass only once a month, since the priest has many other parishes to look after and many other duties to perform.

Perhaps you may imagine I am painting my picture with too somber colors. Well, I shall allow French priests to tell their own story.

"We are three priests who have been

nine months in a rural sector of about 6,000 inhabitants. The sector is very poor; and due to propaganda, it is Marxist and anticlerical. Religion here has no longer any meaning except for the aged. It is also compromised by a reactionary middle class which is gradually disappearing.

"We will send you neither tears nor budgets; we have chosen poverty with the priesthood, but we shall say what we have to say. If the means of living fail us, it is because our priesthood is here at a discount. There are no longer, in our rural sector, Christians able to understand what we have come to do; they don't need us. In their eyes, we are 'the useless' who live by exploiting what remains of superstition.

"In defending religion, we defend, so they think, our last privilege, namely, living without working. At the best, we are for them simply officials to discharge a cult. We are paid to perform ceremonies, and we are well paid, considering the little time we give to it.

"Should we, then, suppress all stole fees for marriages, funerals, etc.? If we do so, the peasants will say, 'They do so because they can live without them. They are kept by the moneyed classes.'

"In spite of that, stole fees seem to be a scandal. They must be suppressed. But then how will we live? It would be harmful, in our sector at least, to seek financial aid from outsiders, or the exclusive help of the rich middle class of the locality. The priest ought to appear absolutely free and impar-

tial. The only offerings, it seems to us, that we can accept habitually are those of Christians conscious of the service we render them, inspired by the desire to permit the priest to consecrate himself wholly to the service of the community.

"So long as they are not that, it is much better for us to support ourselves. Perhaps it will be necessary for us to do manual work. We shall be apostles in and by our work. The workday over, we shall evangelize, and our words will then have quite another meaning in the eyes of our unbelieving peasants."

These priests are not idealists; they are realists. They realize that they cannot live by the Gospel alone, so they must learn a trade, or work with their hands. They know they are not the first; on the contrary, they are returning to the spirit of the primitive Church where the apostles still exercised their calling as fishermen after their call to Christ. Many priests here, to make ends meet, keep bees, cultivate a bit of land; some even have been known to hire themselves out to local farmers during the harvesting season. "I have known formerly," writes one of them, "a *curé*, who, in order to live, became a wine merchant." And he adds, not without regret, "With so many others, I have blamed him, for what I considered was a disgrace. I was young, I understand now, I should have allowed at least for mitigating circumstances."

I have in the course of a year met at least 25 priests of all ages from many

French dioceses. Without exception, it is the same story of misery and resignation. They do not complain; they do not boast of their heroism; as a matter of fact they are wholly unconscious of it. They state facts simply and can even see humor in their situation. One young *curé*, still in his 20's, pointed to his dog, and told me that his setter was his best parishioner, as in three months, he supplied him with 20 rabbits.

Today 8,000 francs a month is considered the minimum necessary to exist in France. How then do priests manage? "Our bishop pays each parish priest 1,166 francs monthly," says one priest. "Added to that are 23 or 24 Mass stipends, some six marriages annually, plus a few funerals, which makes a total of 5,000 francs. With such a revenue, one must eat, clothe oneself, run a house. A servant is absolutely necessary for a priest overburdened (seven parishes, 10 churches, 400 square kilometers of rugged mountain). The servant is fed, lodged, and receives 300 francs monthly plus several pairs of shoes. In the cold weather there must be a wood fire in the kitchen; a cubic meter of wood costs 1,000 francs today, and a dozen are necessary for a year. The electric lights cost 200 francs monthly (for one or two lamps); bread and wine 1,074 francs. There remains less than 1,000 francs monthly for butter, cheese, jam, even meat. And this Sunday morning, Jan. 25, 1948, there was only one woman with half a dozen children in my church."

France has had a glorious past; it has merited its title of "Eldest daughter of the Church." Like the Jews of old, the French seem to be God's chosen people. They have given more saints to the Christian calendar, and more sons and daughters to the missions than any other country. Their cathedrals, their churches, their abbeys

today are a witness to their faith down the ages, and even today it is a French priest, the saintly Curé of Ars, who is patron and protector of the secular clergy throughout Christendom. The Curé of Ars renovated France a century ago; it is not beyond the range of possibility that another will, in due season, arise to replace him.



Missionaries to France

FRANCE: *The Answer*

By JEAN CALVET

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

IN PARIS and other French cities, modern working conditions have pushed masses of workers into places outside the city, or, as certain harsh observers have said, concentration camps for the galley slaves of human labor. These communities have the factory as their center, not the church. The church is far away, in the heart of a Christian settlement. The worker does not readily take the road to the church; and if he is drawn there by a vestige of faith or curiosity, he has the impression, when he sees those neat rows of well-polished praying stools and solemn-looking railings, that he is in some "bourgeois" place, reserved for the boss. For him, after

working hours, there are the *bistro* and the movie house; and, on Sunday, some familiar spot in the near-by countryside.

For a long time now, far-sighted apostles have sought to come closer to these proletarians, who no longer come to them. However, the most ingeniously conceived popular missions and the most generous social services have not produced the hoped-for results. It was felt that this semi-failure arose from the fact that the priest still remained an element external to, and different from, the people he was evangelizing.

The logical conclusion was drawn: the priest must become a part of the working class, incarnate himself in

*386 4th Ave., New York City. July 29, 1949.

them, as Christ incarnated Himself in man. He must become one of the mass, live the life of the rest, just like them. That was the guiding principle of Abbé Henri Godin who, in 1944, organized the *Mission de Paris*.

To achieve real contact with the worker, the priest must be a worker himself, a man who wears the same costume and endures the same labor and anxieties. He must enjoy the same holidays and diversions as those he ministers to. Once the priest is no longer distinguishable from the worker, he can talk to the worker as an equal and a brother; he can lead him, by his example, toward the life of the spirit, and some day, perhaps, to Christ.

This is how the worker priests came into being. And as this movement is not lacking in a certain picturesque and romantic quality, it aroused the curiosity of newspapermen, who have written about it, not very accurately, all over the world. They have thus given the worker priests a publicity which they were not seeking and which has annoyed them.

There are 18 worker priests in Paris. They include factory workers, shoemakers, and truck drivers. Most of them are secular priests, but among them are several Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Capuchins. To this list should be added the famous Father Loew, a Dominican who became a longshoreman in Marseilles; a monk who is a miner in the coal pits of the Saar; and several priests who have engaged in various trades in Lyon, Li-

moges, and in the city of Besançon.

We must bow our heads in deep humility before their heroism and perseverance. The day is hard on the assembly line; they cannot follow their own train of thought or escape for even one moment from the inexorable task. In the evening, the priest takes off his blue blouse, puts on his jacket, summons up his soul, and returns with a few comrades to the hotel where he has a furnished room. In the common room, which will soon be the dining-room, on the table designed for ordinary meals, he says Mass before a few believers and sympathizers. Then, around the table, the men begin to talk. They talk of many things. The priest's fellow workers come in and go out. Neighbors stop in. The talk continues after the meal, quite late into the night, because the priest's companions ask him questions. He breaks off in the middle of his last prayer out of sheer weariness. He falls asleep and, the next day, starts the grueling routine all over again. All this is very beautiful, touching; it is in the spirit of the early Church. But how many will be strong enough, physically and morally, to take this strain for very long?

The directors of the *Mission de Paris* are the first to recognize the rôle of the worker priest to be an exception, a prospecting by pioneers in the virgin forest. Normally, the contact of the Church with the working-class world must be made by a priest living the life of a priest, but in a working-class way. He lives in a poor room like

everyone else; he dresses like everyone else; he does his marketing and takes care of his own house like everyone else; but instead of working on the assembly line, he concerns himself with the general interests of the group, material and spiritual interests. Always at everyone's disposal, he is everyone's servant, a servant who receives no wages. He also constitutes, in infidel territory, a sort of parish, a temporal parish where God's grace in time will find its place. He knows that the other parish, the traditional Christian parish, is necessary; that it is the regular group in which the faithful gather for public worship. He continues his mission in the land of the infidels, but will send his unbelievers to the parish as soon as they show themselves capable of understanding it.

This is an admirable and praiseworthy ministry. Perhaps it is not as new as some people think. The country *curé* in France today lives in a poorer house and leads a more meager existence than his parishioners. He does his own housework. His door is open to all, all day long and in the evening after working hours. Upon occasion, he lends his parishioners a hand for some urgent task; he repairs a machine that is jammed, because he has some knowledge of mechanics; he prunes a tree, because he has read books on horticulture. The country *curé* remains a man of God, but is at the same time a man among men, subject to the same destiny, waiting through the same sorrows to die the same death.

What results have the worker priests achieved? One cannot measure spiritual realities as one measures steel output by drawing up semiannual balance sheets with graph curves and statistics. The worker priests have been at their task four years. What they are doing will be discussed a century from now. For the moment, they are testifying to Christ and putting a certain question to men whose undeniable good will is inhibited by prejudice and ignorance. These men or their sons will have to answer that question.

This conquest takes time. The workers have not yet gone beyond the stage of surprise and ill humor at the idea that a priest should engage in their trade, and quite readily suspect him of being an agent of the boss. In ten years, people will speak differently of the worker priests; they will no longer speak with hostility or surprise of something that has become natural and customary.

Average Catholic opinion looks upon the efforts of the worker priests with the sympathy that generous gestures always inspire, but with the skepticism of those who, not being engaged in the act of generosity, do not have the same enthusiasm. Prudent people reserve their judgment. The hierarchy is also waiting. If it is sometimes obliged to moderate the zeal of certain priests, its rôle is not to discourage this zeal. The late Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Suhard, would never listen to any criticism of his worker priests. He always defended them. He considered them some-

what like missionaries who go out into new territory in the African bush and work out their methods according to realities they find, rather than rules learned in the seminary. To use the expression of the founders, is not France a "missionary land"?

This expression is exact when applied to the working-class suburbs of Paris, but it would be false if it were extended to embrace the country as a whole. That is why the priest who turns himself into a factory worker, miner, truck driver or longshoreman can only be an exception which proves the generosity, broad originality, and

youthfulness of the Catholic Church.

Pope Pius XII, in a recent speech probably alluded to these original forms of apostleship when he said, "If it is true that those who are impelled by a desire for puerile and misplaced novelty are in error, that they injure the immutability of the Church by their acts and agitations, it is equally true that those who would seek, consciously or unconsciously, to fix the Church in sterile immobility would be equally mistaken. The Catholic clergy is at a decisive turning point in its history, before which it cannot remain a passive spectator."



They Leave It to Cats

A BEQUEST was made to a single lady for her work for the welfare of cats. This was held by the court to be a valid charitable bequest.

The judge said, "The care of animals manifests the finer side of human nature and gifts in furtherance of this object develop that side and therefore benefit mankind."

In another instance a bequest was left to a convent of Carmelite nuns. The validity of the bequest was dis-

puted, and the case reached the House of Lords. There it was decided that the bequest could not be held to be a charitable bequest.

One of their lordships is reported as saying "edification by example" was "something too vague to satisfy the prescribed test."

So now we know. However, if the convents will keep old cats as well as the Hours of prayer, all will be very well.

London *Times* correspondent quoted in the *Southern Cross* (8 June '49).



If you look and listen, you'll learn

Animals Predict the Weather

By JAMES O'GORMAN

Condensed from *Caritas**

IT is easy to become a walking barometer if you observe the ways of birds and beasts. Birds are perhaps the most reliable natural weather forecasters. When they are lively and restless you can expect wind.

*When rooks fly sporting in the air,
It shows that windy storms are near.*

Peacocks announce bad weather by their cry, especially in the evening. A rhyme says:

*If the peacock loudly bawls
Then we'll have both rain and squalls.*

Owls crying at night seem to mean a change in the weather for good or bad. But owls hooting in the early morning are a sign of a fine day.

Swallows are reliable bird barometers.

*It will be dry,
Swalls fly high,*

runs the old couplet, and it is a sure sign of rain when they swoop low and fearlessly with queer twists and antics.

Bats are like swallows as weather prophets, flying high when the weather is fair, and low when rain is coming.

When you are at a farm, study the fowls, for every cock is a weathercock. Crowing at sundown is bad, for,

If the cock crows when you're going to bed

The sun will rise with watery head.

By the way, these old rhymes were written for a reason: they are much easier to remember than prose; that is why they have stuck in people's memories so long.

Before wet weather, hens pick at their feathers and fluff themselves out, and when rain is near, they make for shelter.

*If fowl roll in the sand,
Rain is at hand.*

Sir Francis Bacon noted, nearly 400 years ago, that "Ducks preen their feathers before wind, geese call down rain with their cackling."

The arrow-like formations of wild geese, flying low over water, generally mean rain ahead. When they fly high, it means wind is coming; when they move inland, it is a sign of bad weather. A rhyme says,

*If wild geese fly to sea,
Good weather there will surely be;
But if wild geese go up the hill
The clouds they will surely spill.*

On a wet day most birds keep quiet. But you can be pretty sure that it will soon clear, even though rain is still

falling, if the sparrows begin to twitter and the blackbirds and thrushes come to the lawn.

For a reliable weathercock watch the robin. He dislikes water and stays in shelter when rain is near, as the rhyme says.

*If a robin sings in the bush
Then the weather will be coarse,
But if the robin sings on the barn
Then the weather will be warm.*

Watch, too, the ways of beasts. They have queer feelings before bad weather, and know when to take shelter. Cats seldom sleep placidly when a storm is near. Thunder often makes them absolutely mad. They will tear about, ears back and tails bristling; you will find, too, if you stroke them, that their coats are full of electricity. They crackle or even shoot off sparks. Dogs are restless at the approach of rain. They cannot settle down, but scrape with their paws, or eat grass.

Pigs are the best beast barometers. In country places they are said to "see the wind before it comes." They are the most restless of animals when rain is about. They will eat gluttonously, dig up the ground, and run about snorting and twitching their ears. Cows, too, behave unnaturally before

bad weather. They flick their tails and utter uneasy sounds. When cattle stand peacefully grazing you can be pretty sure of sunshine, but if they lie down, rain is likely.

Shepherds say their flocks know quite well when snow is coming. Sheep will seek out a sheltered corner under a wall or hedge where they will be protected from the weather. Rabbits, too, know when it is going to be wet. Hares are much affected by the weather. If you see them leaping and twisting on a windy spring day, you will not wonder at the saying, "mad as a March hare." They always seem to know when a thunderstorm is at hand, and crouch into shelter before it comes.

A weatherwise animal is the squirrel. If squirrels are seen collecting many acorns and nuts in late summer, probably the winter will be hard. They also build their nests to suit the weather, according to an old naturalist. He writes:

*There skips the squirrel, seeming weather-
wise,
Without beholding of heaven's twinkling
eyes
For knowing well which way the wind
will change
He shifts the portal of his little grange.*

Weather Chirp

SCIENTISTS have tested nature's thermometer, the cricket, and report that it is infallible. By counting the number of chirps a cricket makes in 14 seconds, and adding 40 to that number, you get the correct temperature. Science claims that tests proved it is possible to get the correct temperature within one degree 75% of the time, and within two degrees 90% of the time.

Precious Blood Messenger (Aug. '49).

We talked and talked, while Russia grabbed



Catastrophe in CHINA

By G. S.

Condensed from the *British Survey**

THE Chinese Republic occupies more than 4 million square miles. It has approximately 500 million people; at least one out of every five human beings is Chinese.

Four-fifths of the people are peasants, and whole families live on pocket plots of land averaging from one and a half to four acres. Even these meager sections are not always in one piece. Despite the spread of education during the last 20 years, the typical peasant remains illiterate, superstitious, and enslaved to ancient habits. He seldom travels farther than a day's walk from his birthplace: his outlook is very narrow. With no newspapers, cinemas or radio, his life and that of his family is conditioned by rumor.

These circumstances make it difficult for any government to reach the people. For example, it is hard to enforce the land law. This law provides that the maximum rent a tenant farmer can be asked to pay in kind is 37.5% of his main crop. But no way has yet been found by the government to show the peasants their rights. Three out of five of them are tenant farmers but many are still made to pay 60-70% of

their main crop to the landlord. The Chinese farmer is constantly at war with starvation.

The members of an average family spend their squalid lives in rooms with earth floors, fighting cold, filth, and malnutrition. Yet this proud race not only survives but multiplies. This is because of their deeply ingrained vitality and tenacity, patience and resilience, enterprise and industry, and an irresistible sense of humor.

In cities and towns the economic plight of the many is equally alarming. Though housing conditions are better than they were, galloping inflation and the ever-rising cost of living have made paupers of most of the people. In Shanghai, where the cost of living has risen 15,000 times since new currency was introduced in August, 1948, goods and services are exchanged instead of money. The largest general store declared last year's dividend in terms of bolts of cloth.

Even during the war years it was next to impossible for civil servants to live on their salaries, and today they are in a hopeless position. This is one of the root causes of the wholesale cor-

ruption in the areas administered by the National Government, and it goes far to explain the swift rate at which the national economy is going bankrupt.

In their wretched condition, the people feel forsaken by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek and the *Kuomintang*, or National Peoples' party, who have held the government since 1928. In defense of the *Kuomintang* it is pointed out that 80% of the national revenue and the best part of the national productive effort have to be expended in fighting China's communists. But since it is the *Kuomintang* armies that have been defeated and the communist forces that are already in control of more than half the country, the government is shown in a worse light than ever.

When Chiang Kai-shek donned the mantle of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the father of the new Chinese Republic who died in 1925, he pledged himself to carry out Dr. Sun's three Great Principles. They were national unification and sovereignty; democracy, by which he inferred freedom of worship, speech and publication, and representative government; and "the peoples' livelihood," as it was translated at the time but which today is best described as "freedom from want."

General Chiang clearly concentrated on Dr. Sun's first principle, the winning back of China's national sovereignty and the unification of the nation. Thus it could resist China's traditional enemy, Japan, when the time came. Between 1926 and 1937, the year in which the Japanese struck

China what was intended to be a knockout blow, the generalissimo fought the war lords and then the Chinese communists. He transformed the country from a warring medley of petty overlords into a people conscious and proud of their nationhood and united as seldom in their history.

Particularly praiseworthy was his refusal to treat with the Japanese, who offered generous terms, even when it looked as if his allies were going to lose the war. Never had China's prestige abroad been higher.

China was one of the founder members of the United Nations. The contributions of her delegates on various U.N. committees have been of substantial service to mankind.

The *Kuomintang's* failure to bring democracy to China is officially excused on the grounds that democracy cannot flourish in an atmosphere of war and civil strife. This is why, we are told, it has not been possible to operate the new Constitution, unanimously adopted in Nanking on Christmas day, 1946, by a constituent assembly. The Constitution guaranteed the liberty of the individual. It called for a democratically elected regime in place of the one-party dictatorship of the *Kuomintang*. It is the first national constitution in the world that specifically pledges a nation's loyalty to the United Nations Charter.

It was the failure to carry out Dr. Sun's third principle, combined with the strain of the war against the communists, that finally led to the downfall of General Chiang and his govern-

ment: they placed the livelihood of the people last in their program. With every illusion shattered, with their savings gone or disappearing, with necessities rising hourly, the people have been driven frantic with fear.

It is no longer possible to rally them to fight the communists. The general attitude is, "We couldn't be worse off, so let them come." The morale of the National armies is equally poor. Most of the troops have been pressed into service. All are paid a pittance, badly fed, and very poorly clothed: their families suffer privations and receive no pension if the soldiers are maimed or lose their lives. They see no reason why they should go into battle; soldiers and civilians in increasing numbers are ready to listen to any plausible demagogue who promises them better times in an easy way.

The communist side of the picture is sometimes confused by describing China's communists simply as "agrarian reformers." Nothing could be more misleading. The Chinese communists, as Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Central Committee, has repeatedly stated, are orthodox Marxists and proud of it. The party organization follows closely on the Russian model.

At the beginning of 1949 the Communist party claimed a membership of 3 million, little more than half of 1% of the population. The remainder of their followers know little or nothing of communism in theory. They support the communists because they see in their program hope of a better life.

On the Russian side, care has been

taken for some time not to intervene openly in China's political struggle. The Kremlin has learned to be more circumspect. With affairs going much the way it wishes, there has been no need to go beyond the indirect yet great help already provided.

When the Russians occupied Manchuria at the close of the war with Japan, the future of the Chinese communists was in the balance. Then they were allowed to collect huge quantities of Japanese war material. This included heavy artillery. While this collection was in progress the Soviet Red army halted the National government forces sent to take over Manchuria in accordance with an agreement attached to the Sino-Soviet treaty of 1945. They also denied the Nanking government use of the south Manchurian ports. So the communists, who were joined by local irregulars and bandits, re-armed themselves with modern equipment and took up strategic positions. In addition, the Red army in North Korea trained Chinese and Korean officers who fought with the communists against government forces. But for such assistance it is probable that the communists would never have succeeded in inflicting the crucial defeats on the Kuomintang armies in Manchuria which, in turn, enabled them to occupy Peiping, Tientsin, and Nanking.

The economic policy of China's communists is certainly their own. In his *New Democracy*, the bible of the C. C. P., Mao Tse-tung states that private capitalism must be developed

and the initiative of millions of the people encouraged because an era of capitalism and industrialism is an essential first stage towards a communist China. Mao and most of his colleagues are convinced that Chinese society is not ripe for communism or even socialism for some time to come. So capitalistic enterprise is being encouraged side by side with the state control of key industries and a far-reaching expansion of cooperative undertakings, chiefly in farming and cottage manufacturing.

Propaganda in Manchuria and North China, especially in the industrial port of Tientsin, has been intensified to inspire labor to work harder than ever before. Big producers become labor heroes, similar to the celebrated Stakhanov workers in Russia.

Until 1949, thorough transformation of the agrarian system, interrupted by the war with Japan, had been the basic task of the party. When full-scale civil war resumed, they returned to the policy of confiscating all land which landlords and rich peasants could not till themselves and distributed it among tenants, land-poor and landless peasants, according to the size of their families.

Brutal excesses against landlords and even against small holders of property have been common. Those who benefit from the redistribution soon learn that there are strings attached to their title deeds. They must fight, or send a son to fight in the communist army. They must also surrender to the regional "Border Government," as

payment of grain and land taxes, a substantial percentage of their crops.

With the occupation of a number of large cities there has been a complete shift of emphasis in communist policy, bringing it more in line with orthodox Stalinism. At the Central Committee's "victory" meeting in March, with Mao Tse-tung in the chair, special stress was laid on the need to change the center of gravity of party work from rural areas to cities.

Meanwhile the communist-controlled regions are suffering from inflation, though the effects so far are by no means as serious as in the Kuomintang areas. This is partly due to a less corrupt and better-organized administration, and partly to barter and the custom of paying the bulk of all wages, salaries, and taxes in kind. What are known as "stable-value" bank accounts have been instituted to safeguard savings from market fluctuations. Deposits and withdrawals are calculated in terms of standard units of grain, flour, cloth or salt. But if the communists are to govern China, they will be faced with national and international economic problems of a complexity that will challenge the best brains in the party.

On world issues the party faithfully echoes the voice of the Kremlin. In January the communist radio described the Marshall Plan as "designed to carry out aggression and war preparations against Europe in the guise of 'American assistance.'" Paradoxically, the imperialist demand by Russia for

return of the tsarist rights over Port Arthur and Dairen as her price for entering the war against Japan is not merely condoned but is given official communist blessing.

The consistent championing of the Russian point of view leaves no doubt in which direction lie the sympathies of the Chinese communist leaders. The extent to which this may be due to the influence of General Li Li-san, who returned to China (Manchuria) in 1946 after 17 years' exile in the U. S. S. R., is likely to be of more than academic interest as the future unfolds. General Li has built up a reputation for ruthlessness, and is credited with being willing, in all circumstances, to put the interests of the Soviet Union before those of his native land.

The enthusiasm of some of their active followers, so many of whom are not party members, is often described by travelers as "infectious." Many of them are university graduates from Peiping, Tientsin, Nanking, and other cities, who have made their own way into the communist regions and accepted executive posts in schools, colleges, hospitals, social-welfare centers and on experimental farms. They consider this is the only way they can render effective service to their fellow-countrymen. They see in a communist victory the one hope of putting an end to the inept, corrupt government under which they and their families have had to suffer as long as they can remember.

The peasantry, as far as can be judged, are largely passive onlookers.

The general atmosphere is governed by fear of offending the new masters, who do not suffer criticism lightly. Freedom of speech and publication is unknown; thought control, in fact, is practiced through the medium of a strict censorship of press and radio.

The most compelling impression which the visitor carries away with him from the communist regions, and equally from the Kuomintang areas, is the fervent desire of the people everywhere for peace. On all sides is a passionate wish to end the civil war. There is also a universal prayer for a good government. The people are not interested in whose is the administration. They want simply a government that will give them a chance to make life worth living.

The reason why the voice of the people does not assert itself is that public opinion remains unorganized and afraid of politics. The students in the cities are an exception, and their significance should not be underestimated. But outside the big towns the majority of the population has still to be emancipated. The Confucian concept of the family unit has led to an absence of any civic sense or higher loyalty. Other responsible factors are apathy, illiteracy, and fear of political assassination. Democracy, as we know it, will probably remain out of reach of the Chinese people for many years.

On Jan. 21, Gen. Chiang Kai-shek handed over the presidency to the vice-president, Gen. Li Tsung-jen, who bears the title of acting president. General Li appealed to Mao Tse-tung for

some peace talks to begin immediately.

Since the communist terms amounted to the unconditional surrender of the Kuomintang, and the National Peoples' Party is seeking "peace with honor," there was little prospect of peace. The communists occupied Shanghai. It is only a question of time before they will extend their rule over the rest of the country. Meanwhile, what remains of Kuomintang China is breaking up into areas of local autonomy, with some of the old war lords waiting their opportunity to deal with the communists.

In the far North and Northwest, there is little doubt that Manchuria and Sinkiang, territories bordering on the U. S. S. R., and Inner Mongolia, the neighbor of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic, will become completely communized areas. Manchuria and Inner Mongolia are well advanced in this direction, and parts of Sinkiang have been under direct Russian influence for a long time.

The big question mark is the manner in which the communists propose to administer the rest of the country. How are they going to shoulder the enormous responsibilities of national government, for which they have neither experience nor organization?

It is reasonable to suppose that when, in due course, a communist-dominated central government is set up, probably in Peiping, its immediate policy will be one of compromise. It will be calculated to encourage non-communists, particularly administrative and technical personnel, to cooper-

ate in the giant task of rebuilding the national economy.

The policy of the new government will also decide the future relations between China and the rest of the world. If the communists are to carry out their plans for industry, there will be an acute need of foreign capital, foreign technicians, foreign merchandise and capital goods. The communists would likely be willing to enter into agreements with the Western powers, which they may be equally ready to break whenever it suits them.

Final victory of Chinese communism is likely to complicate China's relations with neighboring states and territories in which the Western powers have either a direct or indirect interest. Already the successes of the Chinese communists have given encouragement to the Communist parties in Burma, Indo-China, Malaya, Indonesia, and countries farther away. The influence of the Chinese communists abroad will increase as they become more powerful at home. Radio Peiping lost no time in accusing Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the so-called "fascist governments of Siam and the Philippines" of persecuting overseas Chinese residents in their Southeast Asian possessions and territories. A broadcast in March concluded with the observation that "the People's Republic of China, soon to be established, will give overseas Chinese every possible assistance." Time alone will demonstrate the precise significance of these words.

It seems now too late for the West-

ern powers to prevent the spread of communist power in China. But they can pay more attention to the urgent economic needs and political aspirations of the populations in other Asiatic and Pacific areas. Thus they can

help to contain the communist advance and save the inhabitants from what is happening to China. They can also realize that the future of communism in China is bound up with the future of communism in the rest of the world.

This Struck Me

EVERY material thing we enjoy is the result of work and inventiveness of all the other races on the earth. Realizing this should change our prejudices to gratitude. In simple things as food and clothing the average American is, in himself, literally "one world." As Prof. Ralph Linton puts it:*

Our American citizen awakens in a bed built on a pattern which originated in the Near East. He throws back covers made from cotton domesticated in India; or linen from the Near East; or silk discovered in China. He slips into soft moccasins invented by the Indians of the eastern woodlands, and goes into the bathroom with European and American fixtures. He takes off his pajamas, a garment invented in India, and washes with soap invented by the ancient Gauls. The masochistic rite of shaving came from ancient Egypt.

Returning to the bedroom, he picks up his clothes from a southern European type of chair. He wears garments derived from the skin clothing of nomads of the Asiatic steppes, shoes from skins tanned by a process invented in ancient Egypt and cut to a pattern derived from the classical civilizations of the Mediterranean. His tie is a strip of cloth, a survival of the shoulder shawls of 17th-century Croatians. Before breakfast he glances through glass windows invented in Egypt. If it is raining he puts on overshoes made of

rubber discovered by Central American Indians, and takes an umbrella invented in southeastern Asia. He wears a hat of material from the Asiatic steppes.

On his way to breakfast he buys a paper, paying for it with coins, an ancient Lydian invention. At the restaurant, his plate is made of pottery invented in China; his knife, of steel, an alloy first made in southern India; his fork is a medieval Italian invention; his spoon a derivative of a Roman original. He begins breakfast with an orange from the eastern Mediterranean, a cantaloupe from Persia, or perhaps a piece of African watermelon. With this he has coffee, an Abyssinian plant. After fruit he goes on to waffles made by a Scandinavian technique from wheat domesticated in Asia Minor. Over these he pours syrup, found by Indians of the eastern woodlands. He may have the egg of a bird carefully bred in Indo-China, or thin strips of flesh of an animal domesticated in eastern Asia, salted down and thoroughly smoked by a northern European process.

**The Study of Man*. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. \$4.

Animated cartoons long, long ago



BEASTS *in* THEIR BESTIARIES

By KEN BERNHARDT

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

WALT DISNEY and his colleagues might be surprised to know it, but those deceitful foxes and clever rabbits they show on the screen are almost 1,000 years old. During the Middle Ages, together with unicorns, griffins, and mustached lions, they romped through the pages of a book that was an encyclopedia, catechism, and travelogue all rolled into one.

This book was called the *Bestiary*, and had a great influence on our western culture. For both common people and learned men, the *Bestiary* summed up all that was known of natural science. At the same time it gave them a colorful guide to religious thought and action.

Bestiary books appeared in the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries. Usually one *Bestiary* was a translation of another, and the tales were very nearly the same. They described various animals, and then gave the allegorical meaning attached to each.

The *Bestiaries* always substituted imagination for scientific observation. Descriptions even of common animals are fantastic. But the piety of the religious lessons drawn from them came

from a deep and sincere love of God.

The comparison of some of the animals in the *Bestiary* with those on today's movie screens is not far-fetched. Picture a fox lying on his back with his legs nonchalantly crossed. He is pretending to be asleep so he can induce a curious fowl to come close enough to be caught for dinner. Or imagine a sophisticated lion that rubs out his tracks with his tail so the hunters can't follow him. Or call to mind a herd of stags swimming single file across a river. Because their antlered heads are so heavy, each stag rests his chin on the back of the stag in front of him. When the lead stag becomes tired, he swims to the end of the line and the second stag takes over. Walt Disney? No—straight from one of the *Bestiaries*! Medieval naturalists believed the animals did those things.

Despite such obviously wrong observations, the writers of the *Bestiaries* brought home the teachings of the Church by making each animal a living symbol of a religious belief. The whale, for example, was often mistaken for an island. In such an event, the whale would wait until the ship's crew had cast anchor and dis-

* *Notre Dame, Ind.* Aug. 6, 1949.

embarked on his back. Then, with a mighty surge, he would plunge to the bottom of the sea, destroying both ship and crew. Thus the whale, said the *Bestiary*, represents the devil deceiving men and dragging them down to hell. The description of the whale, unscientific as it was, gave many a medieval sinner a healthy respect for the power of the forces of evil.

Similarly, the snake represented a sinner; the ant was like a pious, frugal person; and, strangely enough, the panther represented our Lord. This animal was described as being kindly and gentle, and the most beautiful of all the animals. People knew about panthers only by the reports of travelers who saw the tame pets of Oriental monarchs.

Today, the *Bestiary* seems childish. We can hardly believe that our ancestors were so gullible as to believe implicitly in its accuracy. A look at the world of the Middle Ages might help us understand why the *Bestiary* had such a wide influence.

In the 11th century, Europe was still in a state of intellectual darkness. All that was known of science, art, and philosophy came from fragments left over from the glory of Greece and Rome. Most people could neither read nor write. Those who could, found materials in monasteries where monks copied manuscripts by hand.

Traveling was hard and dangerous. This, added to the prevailing illiteracy, made the common people believe the half truths which occasional travelers brought back.

That was the time, too, when Europe was just beginning to wake up from its long sleep, and people were growing more curious about other lands. The stories of Marco Polo whetted their appetites for more knowledge of the wonders of man and nature.

The *Bestiaries* gave the people of the Middle Ages all the things they wanted to know about the world they lived in and the God who was the greatest influence on their daily lives. No wonder rich and poor alike took an avid interest in tales that opened the realm of science and religion.

Several hundred *Bestiaries* were written. They appeared in every civilized country in Europe, and in parts of Asia. There were more than 40 in English alone, some describing as many as 200 animals. Of all the animals mentioned, the unicorn has caught the popular imagination. Even today we hear reports from people who claim they have seen one. For those who haven't had the opportunity of observing this animal, the *Bestiary* gives some helpful hints. The unicorn, ferocious enough to take on all other animals from the elephant down, is gentle as a kitten when in the presence of a young virgin, and lets itself be captured easily. Like the panther, it was identified with Jesus. His one horn signified Christ's oneness with the Father.

Medieval sailors, with their unlimited capacity for spinning tales, supplied an animal called the siren. It was formed like a beautiful woman from

the waist up, and had a fishlike tail. This sea animal was feared because it sang to sailors, luring them to their destruction, as sinners are lured by the devil.

Some *Bestiaries* maintained that smoke from the burning hair of an elephant was sure protection from snakes and reptiles; that if a person slept with his mouth open, a snake might crawl inside looking for a warm place in which to curl up.

The *Bestiary* influenced every class of people and left its mark permanently on our culture. Such expressions as "king of the beasts," and "crocodile tears" come from medieval stories. The sky is full of constellations named after beasts that never walked the earth except in those animal tales.

Heraldry used such animals as the deer-like yale, the unicorn, and the fire-breathing panther to decorate the coats of arms of the nobility.

Times have changed. Today even the schoolboy knows more about the world he lives in than did the scholars of the Middle Ages. But in gathering knowledge we have lost that sense of wonder and deep piety which inspired the writers of the *Bestiary*. Instead of our smug dependence on materialistic science, we might well follow, as they did, the advice given in Job: "Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee."



Orders Filled Promptly

MARY and I were ten years old and enthralled by our faith. As we walked across fields, we discussed the matter of answer to prayer. Mary insisted prayer was answered in God's own way. I stubbornly maintained that prayer, if intent and devout, was answered exactly as specified. I insisted that we test the idea right there and then. I decided to pray for a strawberry ice-cream cone, and Mary reluctantly prayed for a bottle of cherry pop. As we prayed, we heard voices coming from a little glade across the pasture. We forgot all about the prayer, and ran to see who was in the glade.

As we approached, two smiling women greeted us, saying, "What will you have, girls?" One had an ice cream booth, the other a tub full of ice and bottles. I said triumphantly, "A strawberry ice-cream cone, thank you," and my wondering friend asked for "A bottle of cherry pop, please." We did not learn until later what made this a never-to-be-forgotten day. We had blundered into a Ku Klux Klan picnic, and we had been mistaken for daughters of one of the clansmen.

Mrs. J. T. Simmons.

I came to and fell in love with my wife

Cana in My Home

By a Doctor

Condensed from the *Linacre Quarterly**

CANA has brought such rich blessings to my family life that I cannot keep quiet about it.

I had always prided myself on my knowledge of women. What man does not? Give them plenty of money, a house to show off, some children to love, keep them busy, and they are happy. Oh, yes, take them out once in a while, meet their friends occasionally so that they can be duly impressed with your importance. It was on such an occasion that I gave up a perfectly good Sunday to go to a Cana conference with my wife to keep her happy. It was a lot different day than I had expected. I thought I would catch up on some sleep, but the priest kept me awake by talking about me, so it seemed. He hit me hardest when he knocked over my theory on women and proved that I did not know the dear ladies as well as I thought I did.

Women are lonely, perpetually so. God made them that way. They crave the companionship of the man God gave them as their partner to fill their life. They will never be satisfied unless they feel that there is someone who really loves them, who thinks about them and is interested in them as the most important thing on earth. The

money I had handed my wife instead of giving her myself was a mighty poor substitute. She used the money in a vain effort to find a substitute for me. No, she was not unfaithful. Her heart was too noble for that. It might have been broken often, but never divided.

She bought beautiful silver service, polished furniture, lovely drapes, heavy linen, fine lace, and lovely clothes. Her interest in all of them waned, because they could not return her interest. She wanted me, but I did not know it. In my smug complacency I thought that she had me. Now I realized that I was wedded to many other people and in spirit divorced from her. My office, my patients, my meetings got my allegiance.

With that first Cana conference, I was ushered into marriage. I found out that it was a lot more than two bodies and one pocketbook. I found that it was supposed to be the union of two grown-up people, united for the purpose of making each other more contented in this life, and reasonably sure of being content in the next. It was quite an eye-opener for my wife, too. It brought about the minor, or maybe the major miracle of having us talk about ourselves, how we were getting

along, and how much better life would be for the two of us if we both wanted it to be. We lay awake late that night, reviewing the days since I had slipped the ring on her finger.

We did not become a model couple overnight. We still don't claim to be, but we are trying. She helps me a lot with those letters that I find on my desk when I get to my office. Thursday she wrote: "Dearest, I want to apologize for contradicting you in front of the children last night. They may lose some of their respect for you when they hear me argue with you, and I would certainly not want that to happen." Here she was apologizing, when she had a right to bawl me out for arguing in front of the children. Her humility is gradually robbing me of the sadistic joy I must have subconsciously felt at humiliating her.

The priest told the wives that God meant them to lighten the load for their husbands, encourage them, and sympathize with them. My wife caught the idea, and began to praise me and my work. I realize now that she might have stretched the truth at times when she would sit on the arm of my chair at night and say, "I am so glad the Jones woman is getting better. Her sister told me that she had consulted at least a half dozen of the best men in town, but none of them had helped her." It helped to make up for the depression I felt over breaking the baby's humerus in the delivery room that day.

When we were planning our wedding, I had made it clear to my wife,

that as a professional man, with the confidence of hundreds of people, I could not discuss the affairs of my patients. But when she began to pass on to me real or imagined compliments she heard about my work, I found myself more and more talking about what happened from the time I slammed the door on her in the morning, until I opened it with tired hands and drooping spirits in the evening. In the coffee shop at the hospital, I had always wanted to brag about my successes: the woman in 506; the girl whom everyone thought would die. But I had to be so careful not to appear to be bragging. Someone might remind me of my failures, too. At home, under my new talking regime, I could brag to my heart's content. At first Peg used to sit on the arm of my sacred chair, where I had presided with my paper and my journals since I was married. It felt so good to have her beside me, listening to me and appreciating me, that I moved to the corner of the sofa, and she came and sat beside me, with her legs tucked under her.

Oh, I know that at times I am still blind and it is the biggest test of faith to try to realize that she is a child of God and God loves her. When she asks me to go downtown, park the car in the rain or snow or stifling heat to pay the gas bill, I have to close my eyes and think of the Cana conference in which Father said, "If Jesus Christ asked you to do it, you would. He said that whatever you did for the least of His brethren, you were doing

for Him." That sure helps. And it is a gladdening feeling when I remember it during my examination of conscience at night, and think that I have gained some merit in heaven for doing it, and maybe shortened my stay in purgatory.

Medical-school studies brought adequate knowledge of the functions and purpose of sex. I entered marriage with a knowledge that marriage relations were good because of God's plan. I had not had, however, any special instructions about the morality of marriage relations. It was at a Cana conference that I first realized that the sexual union in marriage could be an act of virtue. Then it was clear that it should not be a cause for shame and that it should not prevent one from going to Communion.

The realization that the holy sacrament of Matrimony rests upon the sexual union of man and woman as its basic factor, was something that took quite a while to sink in. I could always have argued that God meant us to enjoy marriage relations, that it was the Creator who made them pleasurable, but it took Cana to open my eyes to the beauty and holiness of the sacrament of "two in one flesh." Now we burn a vigil light in our bedroom before the statue of the Sacred Heart to remind us that our embrace is not merely an instinct, but an expression of the love in our hearts. It takes an added spark from the knowledge that each is a personality made to love and be loved as a child of God.

There are many ways for human

beings to express their love for each other. Now we both feel free in the ways God made for husband and wife to express their love. It helps, too, to know that we are cooperating directly with Him in His great work of creating new human beings who will give Him love for all eternity. Several times we have acted out a play of the short book of the Bible, called the *Canticle of Canticles*. It is a book that explains under the imagery of human love and love-making, the love of Christ for the Church. We have a book which explains the text and breaks it down into dialogue and action as a play. When Peg first suggested it I thought it kind of silly, but we took it along and acted it out on our semi-annual Cana honeymoon. I am sure that before attending the Cana conference we would have been shocked at such opening words in a book of Holy Writ, "Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth: for thy breasts are better than wine."

Cana has made a difference, too, in saying the Rosary. I had always been cold toward the idea of the family Rosary. Kneeling by the side of the bed and praying when your bones ached to be tucked comfortably under the covers, was not my idea of prayer. A Cana director gave us the tip-off that really fills the bill. Peg and I curl up together, sitting in the corner of the divan. I lead on the odd decades, and she leads on the even ones. We use only one Rosary, with both of us holding it, and our right hands joined as they were at our wedding ceremony.

Our Rosary has become the symbol

of Christ in our marriage. We have our own way of picking the mysteries for the day. If we are tired and discouraged, and if our conversation has been about our hardships, we say the Sorrowful mysteries. We compare our crosses with the cross of Christ, and our sorrows with the sorrows of Mary. If we have been successful and happy, we say the Glorious mysteries, and talk about heaven. Christ said there would be no marrying in heaven, for marrying needs bodies, but love does not. Heaven will be full of love. We sometimes do not say all the Hail Marys but discuss the mysteries and look at them from the viewpoint of our daily lives. I think that is what the blessed Mother wants. When we are in a romantic and loving mood, we say the Joyful mysteries. Our present plans call for the Joyful mysteries every night until term, if God sees fit to bless our union again.

There has been a subtle but definite change in the monetary standard of our married life. Redecorating is no longer so frequent or so thorough a job. Peg does not seem to be so interested in material things any more. When the people next door had their property landscaped, I fully expected that we would follow suit. One night, however, Peg surprised me by saying, "Honey, I have decided not to have our front yard done. For the past week I watched the people next door, and then began to plan on changing our own. Yesterday, while I was getting supper, it came to me suddenly: 'Here is the baldest example of keeping up

with the neighbors.' Lately I have begun to see that those things don't bring solid, lasting happiness. It is an insult to the Creator to embrace and hold on to created things instead of using them to rise to Him."

Once I held that it was a sacred and inviolable right for a man to have at least one night a week in which he would be free to get away from his wife. My work and necessary outside interests, her work and interest in the house and children tend to absorb so much of our time and energy, that we have far too little time together. Following clues given us in Cana conferences, I began to see colors and beauties of her personality that I had been blind to before. I began to enjoy her company more than I thought a husband could. I definitely like to have her around. If I get a night off now, I want to be with her.

In my practice, I find that this new relationship with my wife has changed my outlook. I have lost a lot of my feeling of arrogant superiority toward women and their troubles. I am more sympathetic and understanding, and they appreciate it.

Frankly, when I first heard about these conferences I thought they were just religious talks. I felt I had enough of that on Sundays and during missions. I did not realize that the discussions were not about big, special problems, but the ordinary things that need but the minimum of thought and the maximum of good will to eliminate. I found that other families had much the same life that we do, with the same

enjoyments, sorrows, worries. I found that they solved things in much the same way that we do, and I even picked up some pointers.

I learned something special from the conferences. It was how to correlate the psychology of marriage with the religion of marriage. A family does not live in compartments, with this time for psychology, this time for religion, this time for love-making, this time for thinking. I learned the trick of integrating, centering things about God and my duties toward Him and toward others for His sake. It has helped me to feel that I am really doing something worth while at all times.

The best effect of the Cana confer-

ences came, not from any information we carried away, but from the new spirit we gained from the idea that Peg and I, with God's help, must work at our marriage if we are going to make it a success. No one knows our needs, frailties, joys as we do. We talk them over now, and plan how we will work them out. We pray for understanding and God's help. We can thank the Cana conferences for starting us, for keeping us on the road of true unity, thinking, loving, worrying, praying together. We feel that we are finally attaining some of that unity for which God made marriage. It has made my wife a lot happier, and made me happier, too.



Philosophy from the Kids

FATHER gave a beautiful crucifix to his little daughter, and said to her as he did so:

"Now tell me, what is the difference between the figure of Jesus on the cross as on this crucifix, and the Host which the priest holds up at the consecration of the Mass?"

The little girl did not hesitate a moment.

"When I look at the cross," she said, "I see Jesus and He is not there. When I look at the Host, I do not see Jesus, but He is there."

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for India (June '49).



SIX-YEAR-OLD boy was invited to dinner at the home of a playmate. The lad was puzzled to find that the food was served as soon as everyone was seated.

"Don't you pray before you eat?" he inquired, with thoughts of the custom in his own home of so doing. His hostess was visibly embarrassed as she admitted that they didn't take time for prayer.

After a moment's reflection, the boy said, "You're just like my dog—you start right in."

T. J. McInerney in Our Sunday Visitor (14 Aug. '49).

We must set our own house in order too

How to Turn the Tables on Russia

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

Condensed from the *Woman's Home Companion**

FOR the last year or two we have been grimly facing the possibility of war with Russia. It is easy to see why. Twice in our lifetime we have been forced into a world war by an aggressive power. So now we say to ourselves: Well, if we are going to be put through it a third time, at least we won't be caught napping!

That is the natural reaction. The past is all we have to guide us in guessing the future. And in the light of our own generation's experience, it certainly seems common sense to insure against the worst.

Probably most of us believe that the Atlantic Pact is a wise political insurance policy. I believe that it is a preventive. There will be no 3rd world war in the sense of a "shooting war." I don't believe that anything sensational is going to happen in international affairs for a long time.

A 3rd world war seems unlikely to me because we know that the western countries are not going to attack Russia and I do not see what could induce Russia to attack us with physical weapons. In a "shooting war" with the West, Russia would be at an enormous disadvantage. The West's technologi-

cal superiority is crushing. As far as one can see ahead, Russia has no prospect of drawing level with us, even if she does manage to get hold of this or that bit of know-how. So why should Russia ask for trouble by starting a "shooting war," especially when she is already waging another kind of war—the "cold war," as we have learned to call it—in which she seems to think that the know-how is her own monopoly?

The prospect before us is not a new war of the shooting kind. But we must be careful to remind ourselves that a reprieve from catastrophe does not mean a release from trouble and anxiety. The worry of the cold war is already with us, and we can be sure it will long keep us under a strain. Perhaps we shall have to live with it all our lives, and our children through their lives, too. In public, as in private life, we have to learn to live with our troubles. But it does lie in our hands, if we choose, to turn unavoidable worries to good account.

We believe that competition is the life of free enterprise. Well, the Russians have entered the idea market with the offer of a competitive sub-

stitute. In competitive business we believe in advertising. Well, advertising is merely the businessman's name for propaganda. Our business experience tells us that the one advertisement that stands all tests is to produce the best goods on the market. And isn't that just what our Russian competitors are forcing us to do?

They wish to impose their way of life on the rest of the world. I don't believe they will succeed. But I do believe that by being there and worrying us they will cause us to do all kinds of things in our own way which will change our way of life, develop it, and, I hope, improve it—and thereby make it quite impossible for the Russians to impose upon us their way of life.

In England we are herring-minded because we have an inexhaustible herring pond off our east coast in the North sea. As long as herring choose to browse there, we shall not starve; but there is all the difference in the world between a fresh herring and a stale one. Our fishermen compete to bring their fish fresh to their customers. They took to building tanks in their trawlers to keep their catch alive. Even those tank-trapped herrings, though, came to market the worse for wear. They turned sluggish and lost their savor, almost as if they had been already dead.

One captain used always to bring his catch in so beautifully fresh that the buyers tumbled over one another to buy his herrings. What was his secret? One day the successful captain whispered it to a friend of mine.

"It is really very simple," he said. "With every 1,000 herrings, I put into my tank one catfish and that catfish can be trusted to keep the herrings lively. To be sure, he will eat one or two of them on the way to port; but that is the catfish's wages. And he is worth his keep for, my, those herrings do come in fresh and the price they fetch pays for the catfish's toll on them 50 times over."

I am suggesting now that in the herring tank we call the Western World, Russian communism is the obliging catfish and Providence the resourceful captain. The Russians' providential mission (and for all we know, we westerners might be a catfish for them) is to keep us westerners fresh and lively—to make sure that we carry out alertly and efficiently all kinds of things which we long ago placed on our agenda, things which we may have always meant to do but which—being human—we might not have done so quickly or so thoroughly if Providence hadn't tossed that communist catfish into our tank.

The joke is that this mission, which looks like communism's deep historic role, is the opposite of the mission that the Russians have fancied for themselves. What they actually are going to do for us, if we seize the opportunities that the cold war is thrusting into our hands, is to stimulate us to improve our own way of life along our own lines by our own choice. For the Russians the actual outcome of their activities is going to be exasperatingly disappointing if we take their chal-

lenge and beat them at their own game.

The cold war is a kind of wager. Each of the two competitors is betting that he can make his own way of life so manifestly superior to his rival's that all mankind is bound to become his customer and thereby put the rival firm out of business.

In such a cold war you cannot put your competitor out of action by dynamiting his plant. And your rival cannot prevent you from defeating him by improving your own product to any extent you choose. On your own premises you have a free hand.

In our democratic social plant we have a free hand in two senses. We are free to do whatever we set out to do, without being exposed to frustration through Russian interference. And we are free from being bound by any uniform blueprint of our own making.

This freedom, within our own family, to pursue common aims in different ways, is one of the strong points of our western way of life. It is well illustrated in the U.S. Constitution. Within the framework of that Constitution, each state is free to follow its own policy, enact its own legislation, and maintain its own standards. The lessons of local experience are at everybody's disposal to apply, if he chooses, to his own situation with any necessary modifications. But the unregimented variety in the parts is balanced by an enforced unity in the whole community's way of life.

What is true of the relation between the states and the Union is also true

of the relation between the U. S. and the other countries of the western world on both sides of the Atlantic. Our common way of life and common aims give us mutual understanding, sympathy, and confidence. In this spirit we can profit from one another's experience without feeling constrained either to take our neighbor's particular path toward our common goal or to push him into taking ours.

The main objective of our western society is to go on extending to the whole of society the material and spiritual benefits already enjoyed by the middle class. We have been moving fairly steadily in this direction for the last 100 or 150 years and have made such progress that the great majority of people in all classes in all western countries have fixed their hopes on it as an obviously attainable ideal. When people believe that they are going to obtain substantial social justice by agreement, the communist doctrine of class war does not attract them. The effect that communism will have on the course of our social evolution in the West can be, not to deflect us into its own path of violence, but to keep us on the move along a path of our own. We were following that path in the West before communism was heard of.

The distinctive feature of our western philosophy of social progress is our belief that a humane and Christian end ought to be pursued by humane and Christian means. Good will toward underprivileged sections of the community is ill served, we believe, by

vindictiveness toward privileged sections. Our aim is to make our common life better for all without making life impossible for any.

The general improvement we seek for the majority can be provided for partly out of the general increase in our wealth resulting from our continuing advances in technology. Yet even in the U.S., it also requires adjustments demanding considerable sacrifices from a minority. And this minority being human, is always likely to be conservative-minded about social reforms that have to be made somewhat at its expense. So if there were no catfish in the herring pond, the pace of social change might be in danger of slowing down to an unwarrantably sluggish rate. The Russians will stimulate us to put our own house in better and better order.

In different western countries, of course, the same amount of general social betterment will demand different amounts of sacrifice from the well-to-do minority and of planning from society as a whole. Western countries possessing the largest margin of capital resources and productivity can achieve the same social results with the least degree of socialization. It all depends on the local circumstances at the time. In our western world the issue between the advocates of more or less socialism is not an ideological question of principle or a political question of liberty versus tyranny. It is a practical question of business management. We can afford to tolerate one another's diverse day-to-day, trial-and-error solu-

tions of these social problems because we are aware that on the fundamental question of principle, the issue between freedom and coercion, we all see eye to eye.

States whose people share a common ideal are capable of entering into an intimate political association with one another, as the history of the U. S. has demonstrated. Are the western countries that have entered into an Atlantic Pact for mutual defense likely to go forward to some closer form of co-operation? No states, of course, have ever come closer together just for the fun of it. When sovereign states have federated, for instance, they have always been moved by some strong practical consideration. The original 13 states of the American Union joined forces because they saw that if they remained single and separate they would not be able either to secure themselves against European intervention or to develop the resources of the North American continent. Does this precedent have any application to the states of our western world today?

In our time, owing to our enormous and rapidly continuing progress in technology, the scale of military and economic operations has become so vast that separate political units the size of England or Holland have perhaps come to be out of date, just as separate political units of the size of Pennsylvania or Rhode Island were put out of date by the opening up of this continent. Today it seems about as unbusinesslike for the west European countries and Canada to go on trying

to do their local housekeeping as separate concerns as it would be for Massachusetts or New York to apply for release from its partnership in the Union to set up in business by itself. Even New York state would soon go bankrupt on that footing. Its huge assets in population and equipment would be transformed into huge liabilities by the stroke of the pen that changed the state line into a frontier.

Conversely, might not the western world enormously increase its business efficiency by making the boundaries between Atlantic Pact countries less like a frontier and more like a state line? For Luxembourg or Belgium the answer to this question is obviously Yes. But might it not, under modern technological conditions, even benefit so large and rich a country as the U. S.?

Private enterprise seems to flourish best in an expanding economy and the expansion of the American economic system within the frontiers of the U. S. has been perceptibly slowed down in our time by the restriction of immigration a quarter of a century ago and the halt in the advance of the farming frontier a quarter of a century before that. I can see a possibility of business advantages for the U. S. as well as for Belgium in a closer partnership between the Atlantic Pact countries, and none of us can afford to be unbusinesslike with the communist catfish at our tails.

What countries would be the last to come into a world community with its nucleus in North America and

western Europe? Presumably those countries whose conditions of life today are the most unlike our present conditions in the West. When we put the question in these terms, the name of Russia will probably be the first to rise to our lips. Can the catfish turn into a herring any more easily than the leopard can change his spots? Any intimate association of the Soviet Union with the western countries is no doubt still very far off. But in the long run the greatest problem for the architects of "One World" is going to be not Russia but that majority of mankind which is neither western nor Russian but Asiatic.

A majority of the human race today still consists of a primitive peasantry living just above the starvation line in Pakistan, India, Indonesia, Indo-China, China, and Japan. With the communist catfish chasing us, we western people cannot afford to say of the Asiatic majority of mankind that we are not our brother's keeper. These Asiatics' dawning awareness of the possibilities of technology is arousing among them expectations and resentments which they have never felt before. Their continent, rather than Europe, is today the main battlefield between the western and the communist ideology. In the competition between the two, the Asiatic peasantry may have the last word. We cannot afford to leave them in the lurch.

The famous Point 4 of President Truman's inaugural address, it seems to me, has an even greater part to play in Asia than in Europe. The President

said, "Fourth, we must embark on a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas." As I read it, Mr. Truman is aiming at restarting the normal flow of private investment from the U. S. and any other countries where private individuals have savings to dispose of, into countries that need more capital investment in order to make their resources productive. To make this happen, conditions would have to be worked out that would be satisfactory to both lenders and borrowers. A fresh flow of private investment would be of great value in supplementing, and perhaps eventually relieving, present government loans or gifts.

"What, Asia next?" you may exclaim, "Why, we have hardly begun to see our way through the problem of Europe and already you are telling us that we must be worrying about Asia, too! Are we to have no rest from toil and trouble?" Well, no, would be my frank answer. That would be more

than mortal man could expect. While there is life there is always trouble, just as there is always hope. One can't expect freedom from trouble but one can hope and pray and plan that one's trouble and toil may bear fruit in something that is constructive and worth while. If we found that through our labor we were building up a better world to hand on to the next generation I believe we would not resent the cost in trouble and anxiety. I also believe that this rewarding goal is within our reach today.

We can be of good hope, I believe, because if we take the opportunity of the cold war, if we are inspired by it to set our own house in order, to improve our own conditions in the western world, the future lies in our hands. We shall create a social and spiritual climate in the world which eventually, in a rather undramatic and gradual way, will affect the Russian one-sixth of the world, and make one world, not in our lifetime, but in the lifetime perhaps of our children or our grandchildren.



Better Than the Best

THREE tailors came to the same city on the same day and went to live on the same street. The next morning one of them had a notice outside his door: "The Best Tailor in the City." The morning after that the second tailor hung a bigger notice: "The Best Tailor in the World." The third tailor was in a quandary. How could he beat the "best tailor in the world"? He thought and thought. At last he smiled, "Yes. That would do." The next morning a crowd gathered around the notice he had hung on his door: "The Best Tailor in the Street."

M. C. S.

Men look on another man's face, but God sees into his heart

Portrait of a Parish Priest

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from *The Priest**

HE WAS squat; round; partly bald. I will invent a name for him: Father Kenyon. He was paunchy; red-faced; short of breath. At the slightest exertion, he turned an alarming purple, and the sweat rolled down his neck to wilt his collar. His eyes were bulgy, his nose bulbous, his cheeks flaccid. His ears stood out from his head, and his hair, what there was of it, was unkempt and stringy. His hands perspired, his head perspired, he perspired all over. The chief impression he gave was of an immense moistness. He was a thoroughly unlovely object, and everybody loved him; he was a saint.

Oh, not a canonized saint. He will never be canonized. His laughter would rock the ageless walls of St. Peter's at the very suggestion. He was a saint nevertheless. Everybody says so; and in other days it was sufficient for everybody to say so. He wore no hair shirt. No chains dug into his fat flesh. He ate what he needed and seemed to enjoy it. There is no record that he knelt awake in the dark pummeling heaven with prayer. But he suffered. Father Kenyon suffered in ways that could not but help him on the short, swift path to humility. Every-

body loved him, and laughed at him. They laughed affectionately, but they laughed; and that was one of the ways in which he suffered.

It would never have occurred to his friends that Father Kenyon had brains. He had lots of brains, but they were well disguised. He had brains but no dignity and no self-esteem. Who would attribute brains to a man so round, fat, moist, and panting? And he was always making fun of himself.

He made funny noises. He had a curious way of hemming or hawing or humphing, or whatever it was that he did. Whatever it was, it made everybody he met feel superior to him. And from feeling superior, they came first to like, then to love, and finally to laugh at him affectionately. He was the kind of man you felt like patting on the head. Instead you threw your arm around his shoulder and felt superior because you were taller, more slender, and less homely than he. There is probably no quicker road to humility than that of being everlastingly patronized.

Father Kenyon was the world's worst speaker. The moment he hit the pulpit, his throat closed and his tongue congealed. His memory fled, and he

*Huntington, Ind., August, 1949.

stood muttering and mumbling. And he repeated himself endlessly. He couldn't start, but when he did get started, he couldn't stop. And the people squirmed in the pews and wondered whether the torture would ever end.

Once, Father Kenyon did the impossible. Somehow he contrived that he—he himself—would deliver all the sermons on, of all days, Easter Sunday.

The Gospel ended. The celebrant and his assistants and the congregation seated themselves. There in the pulpit was Father Kenyon. He harumphed to test the loud-speaker. He opened his mouth, and out came a croak.

His body was one great pool of perspiration. He could feel it trickling down his brow and tickling his armpits. He cleared his throat and tried again. Another croak. And another. He gave up. He began to speak as he spoke to his friends when they dropped into his room; softly, swiftly, running the words together, interrupting the toneless flow now and then with that curious hem or haw of his. He knew the congregation was not listening. They couldn't; his voice was too weak for the loud-speaker. Still, there was nothing he could do but go on. He went on; and on and on.

And at last he came to his climax, and for a moment he felt a rush of confidence. His voice rose and rang: ". . . and when Christ said to His disciples, 'Go out, making disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of

the Holy Ghost . . . ' " His voice dropped again, and he went laboriously and doggedly on. He had forgotten that all sermons end with the "Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

But what he ought to have foreseen was happening. The congregation was rising. Everybody was rising. Father Kenyon cast a swift glance toward the sanctuary. The celebrant, deacon, subdeacon, master of ceremonies, and all the altar boys were advancing toward the altar. And Father Kenyon was still speaking; and he couldn't stop. He couldn't think how to stop. His sermon wouldn't end. His tongue seemed to have taken leave of his will.

He heard himself talking and talking, saw the celebrant, deacon, subdeacon, and all the others returning helter-skelter to their chairs, became aware that the congregation was seating itself again in broken waves like a subsiding angry sea. Father Kenyon could almost hear everybody in the parish laughing at him. He suffered in advance the jibes of the other assistants. And still he could not stop; although at last—at long last—he did. And of course he could not possibly know that everybody loved him for what he had done, because he had given to the parish a tradition and a legend, and had provided a saga which for many years to come would unite men in good-humored merriment.

What set other priests to biting their nails over Father Kenyon was the number of his converts. He had hundreds. They came from every part of the city

and every class of citizen. There were intellectuals and tramps, rich men and poor, society women and struggling mothers of big families. And they all vowed that Father Kenyon was out of this world; which is precisely where he was. Father Kenyon trusted God. He always said that all he could do was to lay the catechism on the line; it was up to the Holy Spirit to give the faith.

His explanation of the Blessed Trinity was plain wonderful. He would take a clover and go through the usual rigamarole about the one stem, three leaves. "Do you see it now?" he would ask. The prospective convert would nod eagerly. "No, you don't," replied Father Kenyon. "That's not the way it is at all. And you'll never know how it is, because it's a mystery. You've got to accept it that way—without understanding. God says so; that's enough for you."

And when people were teeter-tottering on the edge of Baptism, but raising this objection and that endlessly, Father Kenyon would harumph and hem-and-haw and pooh-pooh their fussy difficulties.

"Nonsense," he would say. "Come over to the church and let me baptize you. You believe; you just hate to take the big step. The minute you're baptized, you'll forget all this nonsense."

And they did. Invariably they did. And they went around the city calling Father Kenyon blessed, laughing affectionately at him. They were right on both counts.

Father Kenyon at the wheel of an

automobile was the despair of the community. When he started, it was as if he'd been shot out of a gun. When he stopped, it was as if he had hit a brick wall. He thought that if he put his arm out the window, he could do as he pleased. Let the other drivers beware, seemed to be his motto. The fact was that he drove with his mind on other matters. He didn't know whether he was going ten miles an hour or 70. He never realized he was coming to a stop street until the nose of his car was into the intersection. He was hardly ever known to see a stop light. And he never had an accident.

Learned theologians held that because of his innocence he was provided with a special escort of guardian angels. But they decreed that anybody riding with him was risking life and limb, because nobody but Father Kenyon was invincibly ignorant of the hazards of traffic.

No, Father Kenyon wore no hair shirt. But he paid for his converts. He paid the humiliation of always being joked about, always being patronized, never being praised. And he paid in the high blood pressure which made his face like a furnace. And he paid in other coin, too. There came a time when his friends began to realize. This was when he finally consented to the operation which cost his life in the end. It was a simple operation to block a nerve which for years had been driving him almost out of his mind with neuralgia. Nobody knew about it until the operation failed.

Whatever it was that happened, the result was that the roof of Father Kenyon's mouth started to rot. You would not have known it to talk with him. He'd meet you for lunch or dinner and mumble on as long as you'd listen, telling his little stories about the theater, repeating the old axioms about what made a good play. He was always on tap for anybody who wanted him, whether it was a curious visitor wondering what the Catholic Church was all about, or a Broadway idol wanting to spend an entertaining evening. Father Kenyon went on being what he was: a friend. A waddling, perspiring, hemming-and-hawing, and very moist friend; but a good friend. And finally they took him away to the

hospital, and after more suffering than one likes to think about, he died.

The thing is, Father Kenyon was a priest. And he knew what a priest is: an instrument of Christ; a man in whom, so to speak, Christ again is incarnated. He knew that Christ is everything, and the priest nothing. That's how he mumbled and hawed and waddled his way into heaven, leading the way for a lot of others who never stopped laughing at him until he was dead, when all of a sudden they started weeping. They still get tears in their eyes when they think of him, even though they still laugh over their stories about him. That's Father Kenyon; and the only fiction in the story is one syllable of his name.

Trial, Conviction . . .

LADY ASTOR once made a speech at a banquet before a male audience. There was a storm of protest when she stated that men are as vain as women.

She was unperturbed by the men's reactions, however, and continued to criticize the male sex. "It's a pity," she remarked, "that some of our most distinguished men are so careless about their appearance. Why, right in this group the most cultured man in London is wearing a messily knotted tie."

Instantly every man in the room began straightening his tie.

Catholic Ladies' Journal (2 June '49).



. . . and Sentence

Nor so many years ago, George Bernard Shaw, poking fun at all things American, came but with some unusually caustic comments. A number of newspapers howled in protest, but one editor held his fire until Mr. Shaw paid his much-publicized visit to Miami. The editor's paper published a lengthy report of the arrival of Mrs. George Bernard Shaw. Mrs. Shaw went to this dinner, Mrs. Shaw said this, and Mrs. Shaw did that. At the end of the long article was this casual afterthought:

"With Mrs Shaw was her husband, George Bernard Shaw, a writer."

Christian Science Monitor.

What "separation of Church and State" really means



Dangerous Trends in American Education

By WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

Condensed from *Cor.**



SECULARISM in our public life, particularly in our schools, seems to be a more immediate danger than communism, because it is more likely to be adopted by greater numbers of people, and will in the end have the same effect.

What is meant by "secularism"? Is not the U. S. a "secular" society, run by laymen, and for lay purposes? Do not our laws look exclusively to the temporal good of our citizens? Do not our courts judge violations of the laws, and the laws themselves, on purely secular and temporal grounds? Far from it.

This country, as we know it now, was colonized by three peoples: English, French, and Spanish. The English came into a little corner of the Northeast, reaching down into Georgia. The French moved into the vast North and Northwest, and deep into the Mississippi valley. The Spanish spread over Florida and the immense stretches of the Southwest and into California. These are facts we often forget.

As a result of the wars of the late 18th and the early 19th centuries, English-speaking people spread their political sway over everything north of the

Rio Grande and south of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It is not true that the French and Spanish peoples left behind them only a number of names of rivers and towns.

The French and the Spanish were Catholics; the English (except in Maryland) were all Protestants. Yet French, English, and Spanish, much as they differed in religion, had one religious tenet in common: they all believed that both private and public life should be motivated by the teachings of the Gospels. They carried this out in their respective governments, the victorious English no less than the defeated French and Spanish. At the time of the Revolution, 10 of the 13 colonies had an "established" church. In the rest of the colonized continent, the Catholic Church was official.

We need not go into the discussion on established churches. What is important is that each political group felt it had a religious obligation. It demanded that government and law, court and police, be governed by the law of God which they called the "natural law." This was the eternal law of God as human reason discerns it in man's nature. This was particu-

*Sacred Heart Monastery, Hales Corner, Wis. September, 1949.

larly true, everyone felt, with regard to the schools. There the young people were to be educated to be citizens of the future, "God-fearing men," as the phrase went.

A good instance of how people felt in the beginning of our history is found in the Northwest Ordinance, drawn up by Congress in 1787 for the new territories being opened beyond the Ohio river. Here are the words of its Third Article: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." Putting this in the form of an argument we get three propositions: (1) schools are the means by which religion, morality and knowledge are imparted; (2) these three are necessary for good government and man's welfare; (3) therefore the state must encourage education. This universal idea was repeated in George Washington's immortal Farewell Address.

How then did it come about that in our time public education is so completely divorced from religion? It came about by a gradual but curious change in the meaning of words. Up to 1850 all schools supported by public funds taught religion as a matter of course. About that year, however, a new development took place. Under the influence of Horace Mann and others, most states passed laws that all schools should be "non-sectarian." Non-sectarian meant that no public school should be dominated by any one sect. Horace Mann himself indignantly de-

nied before his death that he ever intended the public schools to be without religion; he merely dreamed, in vain, that some kind of general Christianity, without sects, could be taught in them. Within two generations, however, non-sectarian came to mean non-religious. No religion could be taught in public schools. This was one of the biggest revolutions that ever took place in our country. It happened without anybody realizing what was going on.

There was another change. "Separation of Church and State" was originally a phrase meaning that Church and State were two societies so distinct in purpose and action that neither one should have a direct control of the other. That was the purpose of the First Amendment to the U. S. Constitution. It was never intended that they should not cooperate with each other. Catholics felt that this was not contrary to their own teachings. Yet again, little by little, separation of Church and State has come to mean separation of religion and State: the State must have no direct or indirect connections with religion at all, especially through aid.

Still another change has taken place in our time. Political functions of the State have been well defined by legislation and court decisions. They deal with the general welfare of the citizens and the police power; looking to order and stability. Education was never in our history looked on as a political function until recent times. Yet here again we have had a revolution. We hear it maintained in speech-

es and even in court decisions that education is a political function like any other.

This gives meaning to the final change in the word democracy. This word used to mean the widest possible diversity and freedom in customs and opinions. Now we find both religious and secular spokesmen speaking of democracy as meaning rigid uniformity, both in thought and action. A parochial school, or any private school, is now referred to as "divisive," because it does not rigidly conform to the strict supervision of the state in what it teaches. This is not democracy as we knew it, but totalitarian democracy. It is the greatest menace which the U. S. faces today.

The reader may now see the steps which have led to "secularism." Non-sectarian education became non-religious education; separation of the State from the Church became separation of the State from all religion; this new kind of State took on education as a purely political function; this is now called "democracy," to which all citizens must conform. The only step that seems left is that this totalitarian democratic State shall declare a monopoly of all education and legislate all private and parochial schools out of existence.

This last attempt may not be so far off as we may imagine. As late as May 29 of this year, Prof. John L. Childs, of Teachers College, Columbia University, a powerful figure in educational circles, raised the cry that every child in the United States be compelled

by law to "spend at least one-half of the compulsory school period in the common, or public, schools." Dr. Childs was aware that back in 1925 the U. S. Supreme Court declared unconstitutional an Oregon law that would have closed all non-public schools in that state. He was of the opinion, however, that such a "one-half" State monopoly would not meet the displeasure of the Court. It takes very little reasoning to see that a half could quickly lead to a whole.

Catholics, therefore, are faced with a very real danger. This danger lies on two levels; thought and positive law. The danger on the level of thought is the error that holds that people may educate their children without reference to their belief in or duty to God. It is futile to say that religious education may safely be confined to the home or the Sunday school. It is obviously, therefore, the duty of the people to support, by taxes, if need be, an education in which the whole child, body and soul, is educated.

As a matter of fact, few people realize how much Catholics save the taxpayers annually by having 2,607,879 children in parochial instead of public schools. This annual saving totals \$488,750,292.90. I wonder what the taxpayers of Alabama would say if they had to shell out an extra \$874,712.52, or those of New York an extra \$99,998,142.78, in case the parochial schools were closed in their states.

The barrier of the law is more formidable as far as Catholics are concerned. Every state in the Union has a

provision in its Constitution which forbids it to make money grants to religious institutions. Originally, this meant that the state was not to support the worship of any church. This was to prevent favoritism towards the religious practices of any one of the many warring sects. Until recent times, however, nobody ever dreamed that this forbade the states to help out the auxiliaries of religion, such as schools, hospitals, orphan and old-age asylums, Indian missions, and the like, which perform a public service even though linked with religion. Now, some of the courts, including the U. S. Supreme Court, are beginning to say that all these adjuncts to religion are equally barred from any public assistance.

Every American, and especially every Catholic American, should become aware of the effort to keep our children in ignorance of God and religion. Those who promote this effort wish to prevent any public assistance

—not even for the ordinary services for health and dental examinations, transportation, textbooks, and the like, which the public-school children receive. And of course, all parents, Catholic and non-Catholic, are alike taxed for both the schools and the services.

There is here a double injustice: to those children who must attend the public schools, by depriving them of the knowledge of God and religion; and to those children who attend schools in which religion is taught, by depriving them of the public assistance for which their parents pay taxes.

This, then, is secularism. It is not yet too late to reverse the trend. When we finally face the fact that what the secularists are aiming at is to separate religion from every public service (education being the principal one, but not at all the only one), then the common sense and deep religious feeling of the American people will come to the rescue and save us from a disastrous future.



Puffed-Up Prayer

WHEN my brother returned from service with the 15th Air Force, he gave me a rosary blessed by the Pope. I am a nurse and I lent it to a dying man to hold. Because his illness had been highly infectious, I put my rosary in the sterilizer. After a while I noticed water flowing into the ward. I ran to the sterilizer and found it had blown up. The steam had swollen the Papal rosary beads to the size of melons. Hail Marys were floating in the water and were stuck to the woodwork. "Look out," I called to the supervisor, as I poked with my broom at the ceiling, "here comes another Our Father!"

Loretta Sullivan in the *Catholic Journalist* (Aug. '49).

Childhood recollections of a moment with
Don Luigi Orione, by the great Italian writer

A Bandit of God

By
IGNAZIO SILONE

Reprinted
from *Vogue**

IN A gruff voice the school director ordered me to get down on my knees beside his armchair. As he spoke, he rose, his face pale with anger. He was unusually tall and thin, and, at that moment, to me on my knees with my head no higher than the arms of his chair, he seemed positively immense.

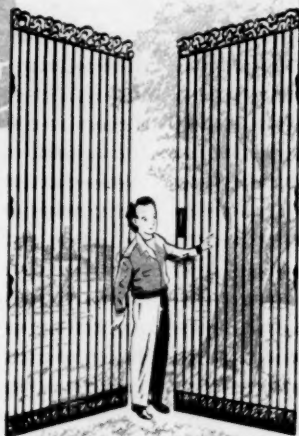
From that great height harsh words descended upon me.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked me in a hard voice. "Have you any sort of a pretext, any lie whatever, to explain your stupid conduct?"

"None," I sighed; "none at all, Monsignor."

"I shall notify your grandmother," he announced in a glacial tone. "After your idiotic behavior it is impossible for you to remain here. I am certain it is equally impossible to persuade any other institute to accept you."

"You're absolutely right, Monsignor," I said quickly, with the idea of



forestalling a sermon. "That's only natural after what has happened."

"But you miserable little fool," he cried, "if you admit this, why did you act the way you did in the first place?"

As he spoke, the elegant, silver-studded black shoe ascended and came down sharply on the red carpet, raising a dense cloud of ancient dust which plunged me into a prolonged fit of coughing and sneezing.

This is what had happened. The year was 1916. For some months I had been in Rome completing my secondary-school studies at an academy directed by priests. Only the year before an earthquake had devastated my native country. [The earthquake in question occurred on January 13, 1915, destroying a large area around Marsica in the Abruzzi region. The author lost his entire family in that disaster.] The school was located near the great cemetery. Most of the vehicles one saw on

the street were accordingly funeral carriages.

Apart from the small inns, which were crowded and noisy day and night, the main business along that street was the sale of funeral wreaths, lamps, large wax candles, statuettes, and other articles for burial ceremonies. The three-story school building was damp, grey, and banal. There was a courtyard, a portion of which was roofed over for rainy days, and a church which served the parish of the entire quarter.

My school-buddies were all from Rome. They were the first boys I had known in the city, and they were gay and obstreperous even during study hours and at prayer. The difference between my home town—a tiny mountain village—and that school was no small one. And since I, haunted by the memory of that earthquake, kept quietly to myself, I was regarded by my superiors as the best pupil of all. What especially vexed me was my being cited to the others as a model boy.

Now, it came to pass that one day, shortly before Christmas, without any plausible motive, I ran away from school. I fled without giving the matter any thought and without any specific goal in mind, simply because at a particular moment I saw an open gate. I fled the way a canary flees when the door of the cage is left open. Shortly before, a truck loaded with coal had entered the courtyard, and the driver had forgotten to close the gate. I roamed about aimlessly through the streets of the quarter and then headed

towards the railroad station.

As I passed in front of a police precinct, it suddenly dawned on me that I had committed a grave and irreparable offense, almost a crime. The worst part of it was that there was no way of explaining my dash for freedom. It struck me then that it would be impossible to turn back. I had only a few lire, and of course no baggage. I took a room in a small rooming house near the station, remaining there for three days—three days of boredom. I didn't know what to do. I hadn't the faintest notion of how to make use of my newfound liberty. I spent most of the time at the window of my room, watching the trolley cars and carriages. Sometimes, to break the monotony, I would stroll over to the station to watch the trains come and go. On the third day a policeman thrust himself into my room, seized me and took me back to the school. On the way the thought uppermost in my mind was this: if the director insisted on an explanation, what reason could I give for running away? What could I possibly invent to make my action at all understandable?

The scandal at school was enormous, the more so because, as I have already said, I was considered the perfect student. When word of my disappearance reached the director, he delayed reporting it to the police, suspecting that out of sheer nostalgia I had returned to my native village and that I would promptly write to him and ask his forgiveness. Fortunately for me, when he learned, instead, that I had

been picked up in a rooming house in Rome, he did not insist on my giving any explanation of my flight. The truth is he had a profound knowledge of corrupt human nature, and the explanation, for him, was obvious.

Wholly unexpectedly, my grandmother wrote that a certain Don Orione was prepared to enroll me in one of his various seminaries for the education of young boys. I should add that the director joined me in my jubilation over this unexpected solution.

"Do you like going to Don Orione?" he asked me. "Have you ever heard of him?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried eagerly.

To explain my jubilation I must relate an episode that had occurred the year before. It was only a few days after the earthquake. Some 50,000 dead still lay under the mounds of debris. Rescue squads were frantically being organized to care for the terrified survivors, who lived near their shattered homes in makeshift shelters. It was mid-winter. New tremors and snow storms threatened the survivors. During the night wolf-packs, attracted by the stench of dead bodies, would swoop down from the nearby mountains. Huge bonfires had to be fed continually to keep them at a distance.

It was in such a setting that I witnessed a strange scene one day. A little priest, dirty and sickly-looking, with a ten-days' growth of beard, stood surrounded by a huddle of small children orphaned by the disaster and gathered up by him among the ruins of my village. He was looking for some means

IGNAZIO SILONE was born a Catholic in 1900. He was educated in a Jesuit university. Now he is an intellectual leader of prestige and influence. His novels, written in Swiss exile from Mussolini, are read everywhere in Europe. Silone helped found the Italian Communist party and was a leader under Moscow until he broke completely in 1929. He is still a socialist but as a deputy in De Gasperi's parliament, supports his government. He works now for cooperation of all parties in solving Italy's problems in a Christian and legal fashion. Though his odyssey brings him close to home, he cannot be said to be a Catholic.

of transporting them to Rome, looking in vain. The earthquake had disrupted the railroad. No other vehicles were available for a journey of some one hundred kilometers. Then, suddenly, five or six automobiles appeared on the scene. The King and his entourage had come to visit the stricken area. No sooner had these illustrious personages alighted and walked some distance away, than the unknown little priest began to load the shivering waifs into one of the automobiles. There resulted a lively altercation between the little priest and the *carabinieri* standing guard over the machines. At length the commotion attracted the attention of the King himself.

Calmly, the little priest turned to the King and respectfully asked him for the use of one of the cars to convey the orphans to Rome. The King gave his consent. I was standing a few feet away and followed the whole scene

with mounting stupor and admiration. And when the little priest, with his cargo of children, had taken off, I asked of those around me: "Who is that amazing man?" Someone answered me: "A certain Don Orione."

A GREAT deal has been said and written about Don Orione in the few years following his death, and, certainly even in days to come, much will be written of his piety, of his marvelous preaching, of his charity, of the flourishing religious institution which he founded—even of the prophecies, graces, and cures attributed by the faithful to his intercession. (Don Luigi Orione was a Catholic priest whose fame has spread to many countries. He was born in Pontecurone [Piedmont] on June 23, 1872, and died at San Remo on March 12, 1940. He founded the religious order bearing the name of "The Little Work of Divine Providence," whose schools, recreational centers, hospitals, and missions have sprung up in America, England, Poland, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, as well as in Italy.) I don't propose to speak of that now, but of an unforgettable encounter which I had with him as a child, when he was still a long way from world renown.

The arrangement was that Don Orione would come to Rome and take me back with him. He was to pick me up at the school, but he wrote that he would be unable to do so from lack of time. Instead, he fixed an hour of the same evening for me to be in a certain corner of the waiting room of

the central station of Rome. This change of plans was responsible for a very embarrassing blunder on my part. At the appointed hour and place, amid the feverish haste and shouting of passengers and porters, I did find a priest, not that strange and attractive figure whom I had seen the year before among the ruins of my town, but a little priest, wholly unfamiliar to me, the kind one sees thousands of in Rome. The moment I saw him I surmised that Don Orione had been prevented from coming at the last moment and had sent one of his assistants instead. Frankly disappointed, I immediately began to show my disrespect. I let him carry my valises and bundles without raising a finger to help him. After we occupied our seats in the train, the little priest explained that he was taking me to a boys' academy in San Remo, on the Ligurian Riviera, and that we would be traveling together the whole night and a part of the following day. It was the first important journey of my life. My companion asked me if I had something to read. When I replied in the negative, he asked me if I wanted a newspaper and, if so, which one.

"*Avanti!*" I answered in a willfully provocative tone. [*Avanti*, a socialist Italian newspaper, was founded in 1896. At the time of the meeting between the author and Don Orione, it followed an openly radical policy towards both the State and the Church.] I must confess that at the time I only knew *Avanti* from hearsay as a paper hostile to tradition, and it was difficult

to imagine a more impertinent request. Completely unperturbed, the little priest left the train and returned shortly with a copy of the socialist newspaper. I was stunned and even somewhat mortified. I was suddenly aware that this little priest was far from commonplace and deserving of greater respect.

"But why didn't Don Orione himself come?" I asked.

My question caught him by surprise.

"I am Don Orione," he said. "Excuse me for not having introduced myself."

I quickly concealed the newspaper and muttered some excuses for my insolence of a few moments earlier in having let him carry the valises. He smiled and confided that it made him very happy to be able to carry valises for youngsters like me. "To carry valises like a little donkey," were his exact words. "I shall tell you a secret," he went on. "My real vocation is to live like an authentic little donkey of Divine Providence—God's own little donkey."

And so began a conversation which, except for brief interruptions caused by the entrance of other passengers, lasted the whole night. And even though my later activities would seem to refute me, I daresay—and I mean every word of this—that the talk with Don Orione that night has remained one of the most important events of my life. Remembering it, I have known comfort and guidance during the many crises of my life, and his

words have always given me courage. Don Orione was then well over forty, while I was still a child.

At a certain point in our conversation, doubt began tormenting me; did Don Orione know the real reason of my departure from the school in Rome?

"Do you happen to know," I asked, "that I ran away from school two weeks ago and didn't come back till three days later? I can tell you without any difficulty exactly what happened. But I don't know if you'll be able to understand me. I don't know if an old man can understand a boy."

"I shall try very hard," he said. "I was a boy once myself."

I told him the whole story—the open gate, the aimless wandering, the sense of irreparable guilt, the boredom of my three days of liberty. Finally, I said, "This is the whole truth. I don't know if you can understand me. I don't know if an old man can understand a boy."

"I understand you," he said.

At Civitavecchia some new passengers entered our compartment. They were Sardinians. They were tired and yawning and were all sound asleep after one of them turned off the light. Only a small blue bulb was left burning weakly. In the dimness Don Orione's features acquired some resemblance to those of the priest I had seen a year earlier in my native village. I told him so and I reminded him of the episode of the royal car. I confessed that I never would have recognized him as the same person.

"I don't blame you at all," he said to me. "I must have looked like a bandit that day—a bandit kidnapping children."

"A good bandit," I remarked, smiling, trying to fall in with his way of expressing himself. "A bandit of God."

"Aren't you tired?" Don Orione asked me. "Why not try to sleep?"

"I would like this trip to last forever," I said, yielding to a surge of tenderness for this man.

"Listen," he said, suddenly. "I want to say something to you that you must never forget. There will be moments of black despair for you in the years to come. You will think yourself alone and forsaken. But you will not be. Remember this: *God isn't only in church.* I can't say anything more."

He said this with his usual simplicity and without emphasis, but his eyes were shining with tears.

At Genoa we had to change trains and wait two hours for one going to Ventimiglia. It was raining heavily, but Don Orione insisted on showing me one section which he knew intimately and which I had never seen.

"You won't find it easy to meet a guide like me again," he said.

"But you must be exhausted," I protested. "You haven't closed your eyes all night. Besides, you already know the city, and it won't be so pleasant walking around in the rain without an umbrella."

"After a certain age," he explained, smiling, "one no longer has pleasures of his own, only reflected pleasures. The joy of a father is in the joy of his

child." No wonder he was like a father.

There was nothing to do but to follow him. He showed me the monument to Columbus, several old *palazzi*, the façade of a church, the distant port. We walked at a brisk gait, grazing the walls for shelter from the rain, Don Orione in front and I behind. He would shout back a warning wherever a roof-gutter was broken, and we would dart away from the wall to escape a sudden dousing. I remember how our way of walking brought back to me a scene from my early childhood—my father bent over a plough drawn by two oxen, and I groping along behind him in the furrow. I felt certain that Don Orione, too, would have been an excellent family man. Everything about him was fatherly. And perhaps to avoid a narrow and egotistical form of paternity he had founded an order that in its own way, and on a larger scale, is, or at any rate, could be, a family. Into this family he brought these fatherless children, a veritable "Kidnapper of Providence."

At the portico of a large building we paused to recover our breath. It was then that Don Orione remembered that he still had in his pockets some picture post cards that he had forgotten to mail in Rome. I was astounded at the great number of cards, written and stamped, which Don Orione now began to extract from his garments. Even when I thought he had unearthed the last of them, they continued emerging from pockets I never thought existed. It ended by becoming a very comical scene.

"There are a little over three hundred of them," Don Orione explained, "and they convey my Christmas greetings to the members of a boy's club founded by me in Tortona. The boys are children of laborers, and for some it will be their only Christmas card."

"The best thing to do is to mail them all together," I suggested, thinking of the train schedule.

Don Orione shook his head, giving me an objection that was new to me, and, I must confess, even bizarre.

"It would not be wise to mail them all together," he said. "If I did that, they would all pass through the hands of the same postal employee. On their arrival in Tortona they would be delivered by the same letter carrier and on the same day. That would be dangerous. Confronted by such uniformity those employees would lose their patience and throw many of the cards into the nearest waste-paper basket. It is much safer to distribute the cards among as many mailboxes as possible. In that way they will be thoroughly shuffled from their very departure."

THIS revealed in Don Orione a distrust of the public services that, I hasten to add, was not without foundation. In any case, I thoroughly enjoyed that frank cunning so typical of the man from the provinces. We divided the post cards and headed back towards the station, Don Orione on one sidewalk and I on the other, as if engaged in a contest of speed. Taking full advantage of my youth, I ran at breakneck speed, pushed people out of

my way, asked everyone about the nearest mailbox, and dashed around corners for quick sallies into side-streets. And yet Don Orione finished before me. When he asked me if I had posted all the cards, I confessed that I had appropriated one.

"I, too, wanted to have your Christmas greetings," I apologized. "They may also be my only greetings."

"But there is another name on the card," he pointed out. "Those greetings are not for you, even if you have pocketed them. You have acted like an irresponsible postman."

At the next stop, Oneglia, I alighted from the train, and with great reluctance posted the last card. When we neared San Remo, Don Orione announced that he would present me to the director and depart the same evening. I felt a tightening around my heart, but I tried not to show it.

We arrived at San Remo with the sun, and the spectacle was one of unforgettable splendor. The view was even more beautiful than I had expected; indeed, for me, too beautiful. For the first time in my life I saw palm gardens, avenues of mimosa, tangerine and lemon orchards, wide fields of carnations. But my thoughts ran to my native village, to those poor people rescued from their crashing huts and now living in caves and barracks, defending themselves at night from the wolves. In the profoundest depths of my soul I began to feel a new pain.

When the time came for Don Orione to leave, I hid myself. I didn't want him to see me cry.

*Two priests and a sheriff
make justice prevail*

How to Handle a Race Riot

By JIM DOYLE

Condensed from the *Marianist**

A 29-YEAR-OLD Catholic Negro Navy veteran, Albert J. Sanders, came to Milwaukee from Florida to study engineering. He brought his 27-year-old Negro wife, his mother, and his two children, aged 3 and 5.

For eight nights the family slept in its car, in the days the husband sought a place to live. He learned at last that if he had a trailer he could move into a veterans' trailer camp owned by Milwaukee county.

Counting his savings carefully, the student-veteran bought a big trailer and hauled it to the camp. After his new home had been properly placed, at the direction of camp officials, the vet left his family there and drove downtown to attend school.

When he returned, in the early evening, the womenfolk told him that a crowd of trailer residents had gathered to protest their presence, and, even as they talked, they could see a mob of angry men and women forming.

Jim Crow Takes a Ride



Their whispered conversation was interrupted by shouts, boos, and curses, while the leaders of the mob pounded on the door and sides of the trailer demanding entrance. Finally, after threats to overturn and burn the trailer, Sanders opened the door and admitted as many of the rioters as could crowd inside.

"Get out!" they told him bluntly. "This is a camp for white veterans only. We don't want any niggers here. If you don't get out of here right now, we'll beat up you, your wife, and mother—yes, and your kids, too!"

As Sanders packed his few belongings into his car, a squad of deputy sheriffs appeared, cleared the mob from around the trailer, and restored order. Lieutenant Claire De Voll, in charge of the squad, offered to protect the family from the mob. Sanders chose to drive his wife, mother, and youngsters away to a park, where they spent their ninth night in their car.

Next morning, Father Franklyn J.

Kennedy, editor of Milwaukee's Catholic weekly, the *Herald Citizen*, and Father Claude H. Heithaus, S.J., of Marquette University, met with Sanders, his wife, Sheriff Herman Kubiak, and District Attorney William J. McCauley. At first the couple refused to return to the trailer camp but agreed to do so after the priests pleaded for their cooperation in defeating the mobsters. "You'll have full 24-hour protection," promised Sheriff Kubiak, "if it takes the last man I've got!"

That evening, with the Sanders family safely guarded in their trailer, Father Kennedy and Father Heithaus were the principal speakers at a mass meeting attended by some 400 of the camp's 1,800 residents in the muddy field which serves as the trailerites' outdoor theater. Top level officials of the AFL, CIO, and the American Legion also stepped to the microphone to beg for fair play and justice—and were shouted down.

Then opposition leaders, who had hoarsely interrupted most of the speakers, grabbed the microphone and launched into racist tirades. They competed for the mike until the officers cleared a path for the sound car to pull away. "The Army enforced segregation," one objector shouted, "so it must be right!" "The American Legion and a lot of labor unions keep out Negroes," said another, "so why shouldn't we?" "If segregation is good enough for Washington, D. C., it's good enough for us," called a third.

Disheartened by their failure, the two priests withdrew to revise their

strategy. Since the unruly meeting has proved that no amount of sweet reason and good sense would win over the mob, they decided to approach the trailer camp residents individually.

While the sheriff's men mounted a steady day-and-night guard before the Sanders' trailer, Fathers Heithaus and Kennedy met singly and in little groups with people in the camp. As they canvassed the trailerites they found a surprising number who deplored the demonstrations of hatred and were ready to welcome the newcomers, but who feared to "get mixed up in the trouble."

They noticed, too, that the Sanders children were having a fine time with neighbor youngsters, so they showed how racial prejudice is never inborn but acquired. They pointed out how absurd it was to reject a family because of color alone and they appealed to the veterans by citing Sanders' excellent Navy record. They explained to the Catholics that racial bigotry is contrary to Catholic doctrine and a serious matter of conscience, and told union members how race hatred is used to defeat the aims of organized labor.

One by one, opposition leaders began to weaken under the barrage of persuasion. They admitted that perhaps they had acted a little hastily, that they were ignorant of Wisconsin's comprehensive civil rights statutes, that they had never really known any Negroes before. They did get a chance at this meeting to air gripes about the camp's sanitation and recreation facilities and the difficulties of trailer living.

Faced with arrest and criminal prosecution, the ringleaders sought an interview with District Attorney McCauley. In his office they issued statements apologizing publicly to the Sanders family and to the community for the trouble they had caused. McCauley lectured them roundly. "You are here by the grace of an invitation rather than a patrol wagon," he said. "You were all about to be arrested."

Successful conclusion of the affair has evoked widespread comment from national race relations groups, many

of whom are studying the Heithaus-Kennedy technique for application in other hot spots. The *Milwaukee Journal*, which had closely reported the incident, published an editorial entitled "A Miracle Has Occurred" and a front-page editorial cartoon.

Representative Andrew J. Biemiller (Dem.) reported next day to Congress that "Milwaukee successfully solved, by good citizenship and official action, what might have been a nasty racial situation. We are proud of the way things are handled in Wisconsin."

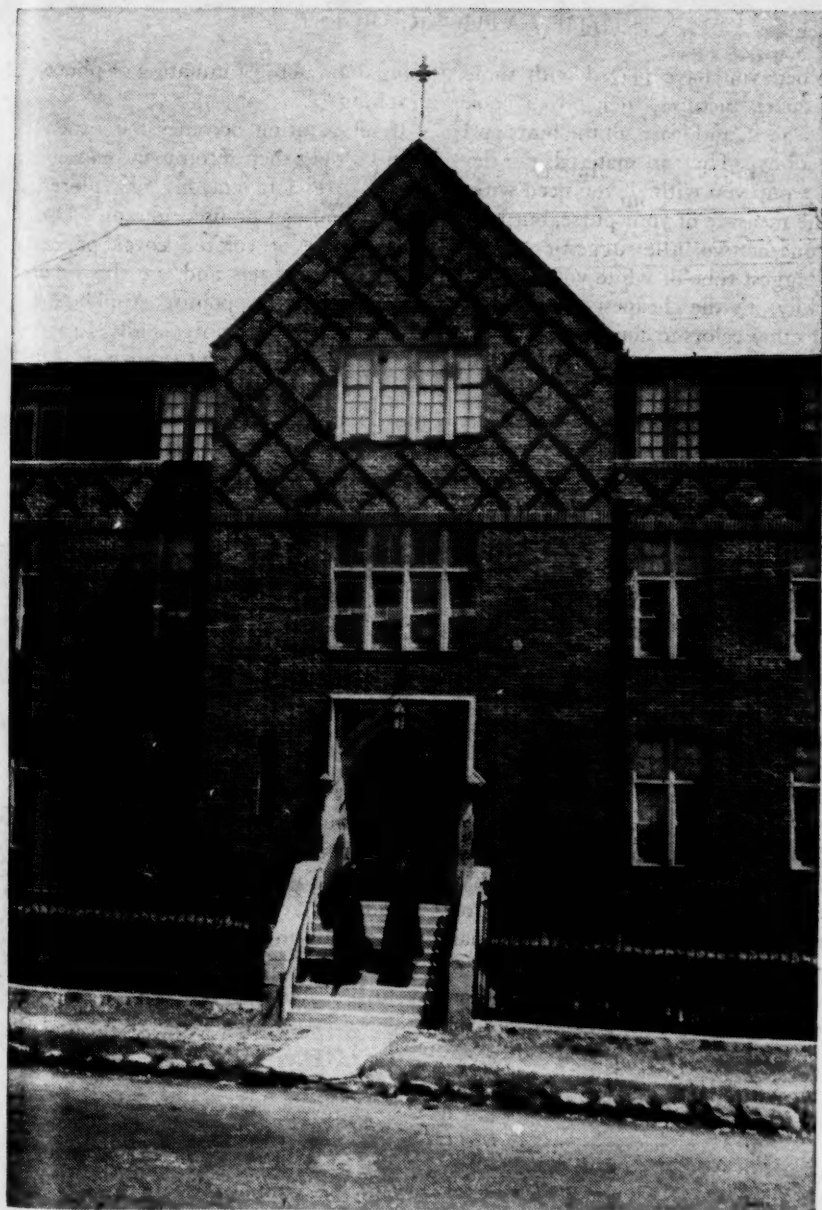


PICTURE STORY

Lavelle School for the Blind

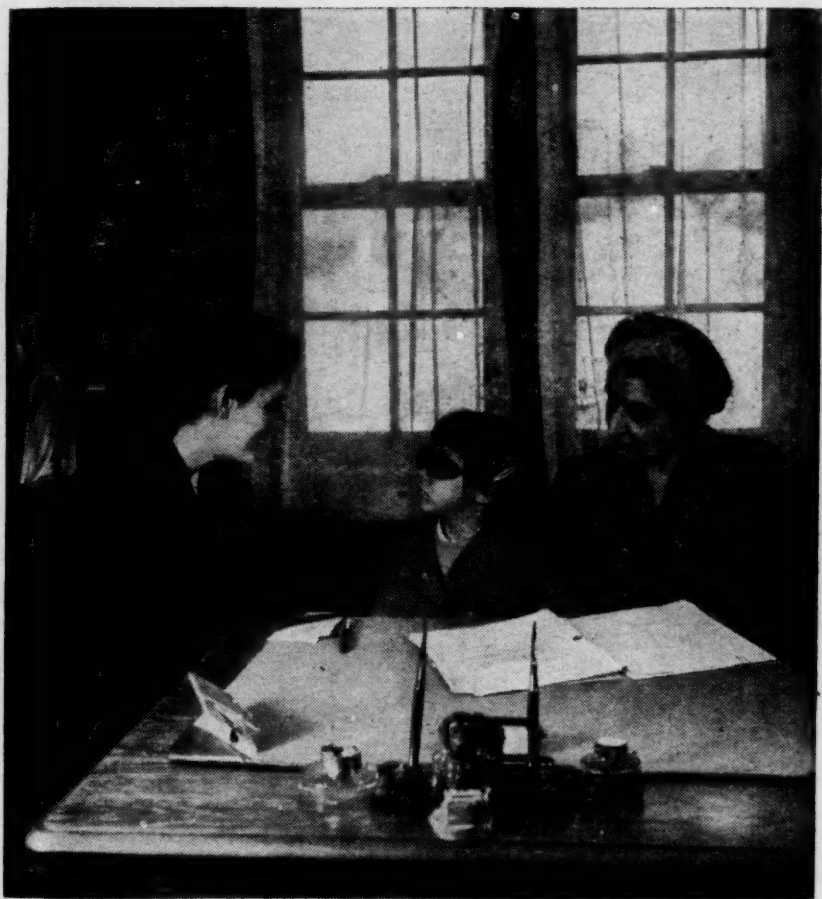
Thousands of blind folk are grateful to sightless Margaret Coffey. She was a pioneer in education of blind children. She was first to see the need for their religious as well as secular training. Lavelle School for the Blind on Paulding Avenue at 221st Street, New York City, owes its founding to her and to the beloved Monsignor to whom she revealed her project and who afterwards made it his own. The school is named for Monsignor Lavelle, who more than anyone helped to make her vision a reality.







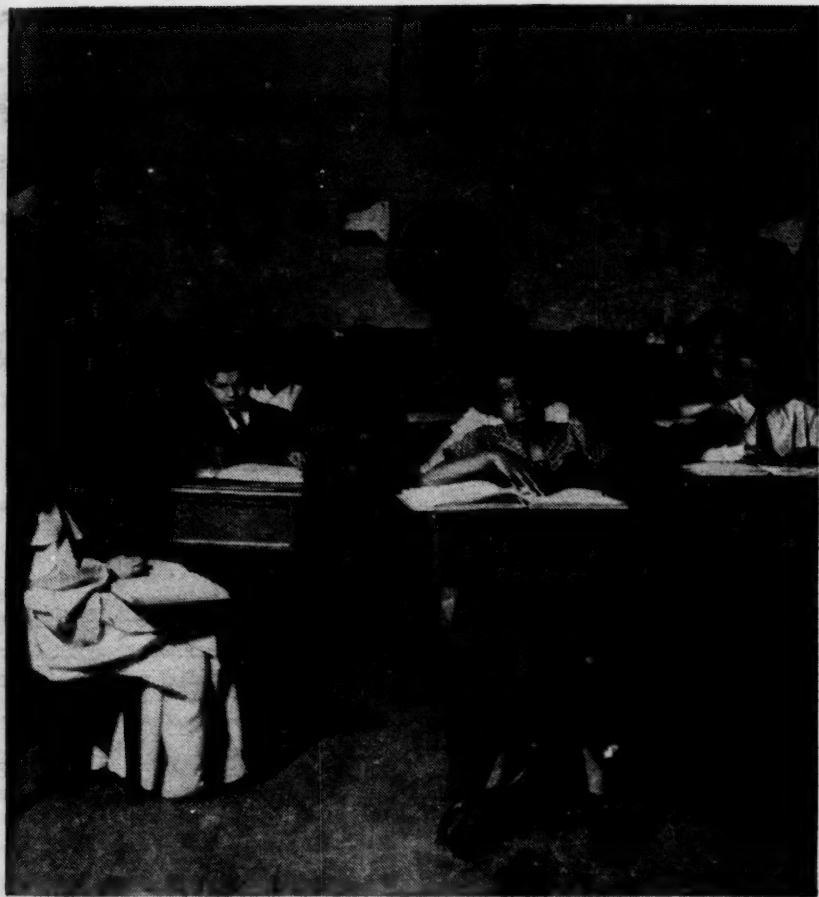
Sister M. Richarda, O.P., Superintendent of Lavelle School, stands before the picture of the founder. Sister spent 15 of her Religious years there. She was born and bred in the Bronx, one of 13 children—her father was principal in public schools there. The Sisters of St. Dominic of Blauvelt, N. Y., devote their lives to corporal works of mercy. Though they maintain some schools, they are famous for their care of cancer patients and of the blind. They have staffed Lavelle since 1913. Nine Sisters teach and supervise; two are blind.



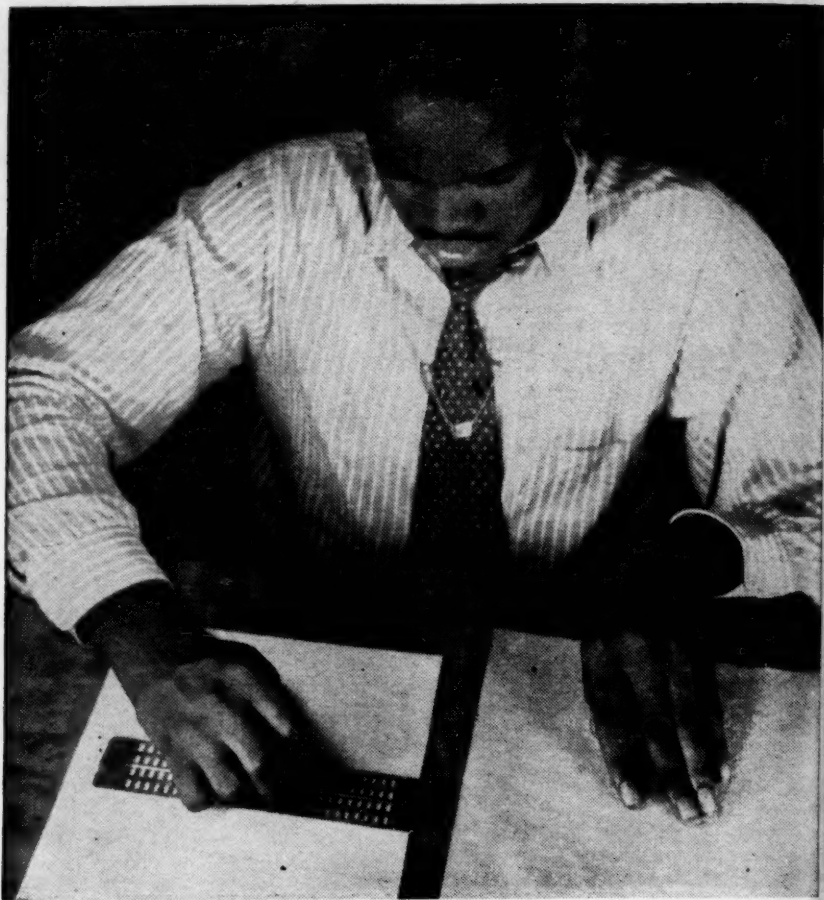
"If conditions are favorable, leave the child at home." Sister Richarda stated the motto at Lavelle. The Sisters know that there is no substitute for home life. Children who can, go home for week ends. But while they are at Lavelle it is very much their home. That involves some adjustments. Vital to such adjustments is this first interview of mother and child with Miss Welch, the full-time social worker at Lavelle. Miss Welch sees the parents regularly thereafter and helps fuse the programs of school and home together.



Though Lavelle School is staffed by nuns, state funds go towards its maintenance and children of any creed are accepted. No child has to take religious instruction or attend any service. But the chapel is filled at daily Mass. Here John Posentini (left), a sightless war casualty from Italy, and Kenneth Pascal, partially sighted, are about to serve Mass for the chaplain of the school, Father Paul Burns, of Holy Rosary Parish in the Bronx. Many ask to join religious classes. Invariably they lead their class.



Classes are small and individual instruction is available for everyone. The pupils in this classroom are reading. Total and partial blind are here. Both are sightless by your standards and mine. Children with the best sight at Lavelle can't see from 20 feet the largest letters in the doctor's office, even with the strongest lens. Theirs is the vision of a swimmer in dark water. They "see" only what they touch. Children with any hope of sight go to sight conservation classes at other schools. It is not good to keep the two together.



Albert White has been at Lavelle for ten years. He is 14 now and in the seventh grade. He is an expert with slate and stylus, and makes notes as rapidly in braille as we would with a pen. Albert is the most gentlemanly boy in school—the most considerate of others. If all goes well he will go on to other schools. Lavelle meets requirements of state schools. Its graduates are accepted everywhere, and many have gone to universities and colleges. There is seemingly no limit to the future of a child with this beginning.



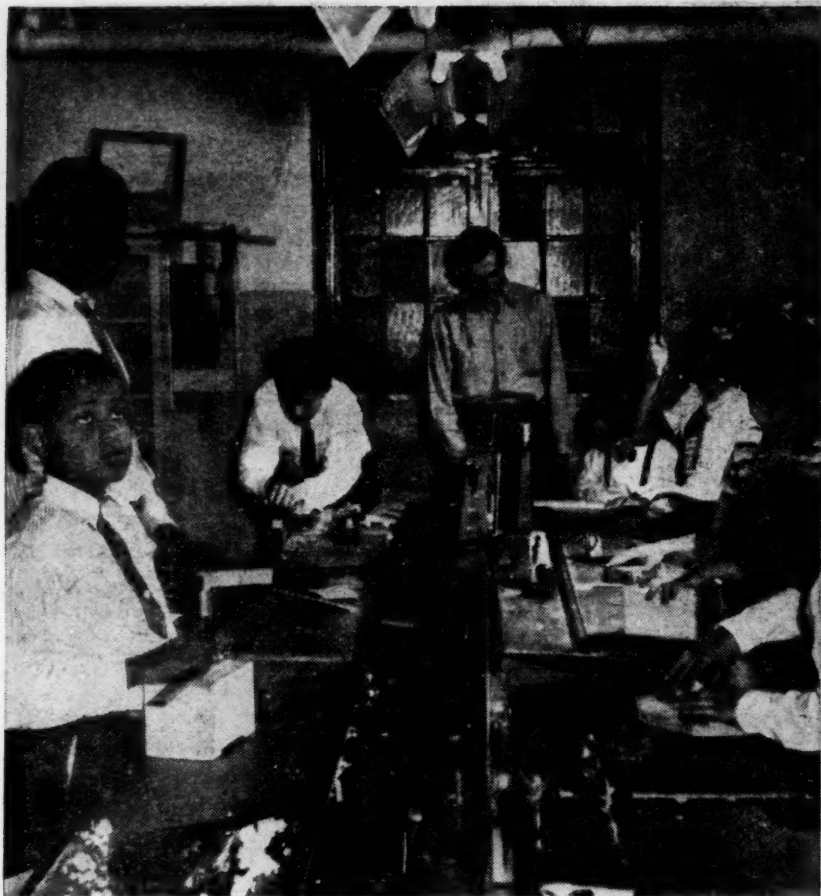
Vincent Rooney is an albino. He is calculating here on a blindman's abacus, a specially constructed arithmetical slate. Looking at Vincent you would never realize his handicap, for though he squints, his eyes appear normal. He was "discovered" in a parochial school. Many more are not discovered, and that is a pity, for with the help of braille they would be prepared for even more diminished vision in later life. Sister thinks there should be more careful checkups in all schools, especially in the lower grades.



Sally Ann Sanchez, a little Spanish girl, is learning geography from a relief map. Sister Jean Marie is teaching her. Sally looks at the map as though she could see it, but Sister knows better. Relief maps are most effective for the blind. At Lavelle the children can tell from the feel of valleys and mountains what grows there and what the people do. A part of the training is the making of such maps and placing the symbols of products on them. They have the same interest in world events as sighted children and are as well informed.



This is not a matter of taste but of touch. Phyllis Tebeleno is exploring the delicate form of a flower with her tongue. Her fingers could not convey the sense of such minute structure. Such is nature study at Lavelle under Sister Miriam Patrick. With spacious grounds and open fields about, there is ample opportunity to learn of nature. The school is a long way out: wild wheat crowds the sidewalk in the last blocks' walk to it. Until the inevitable expansion of the city the school is remote and far away.



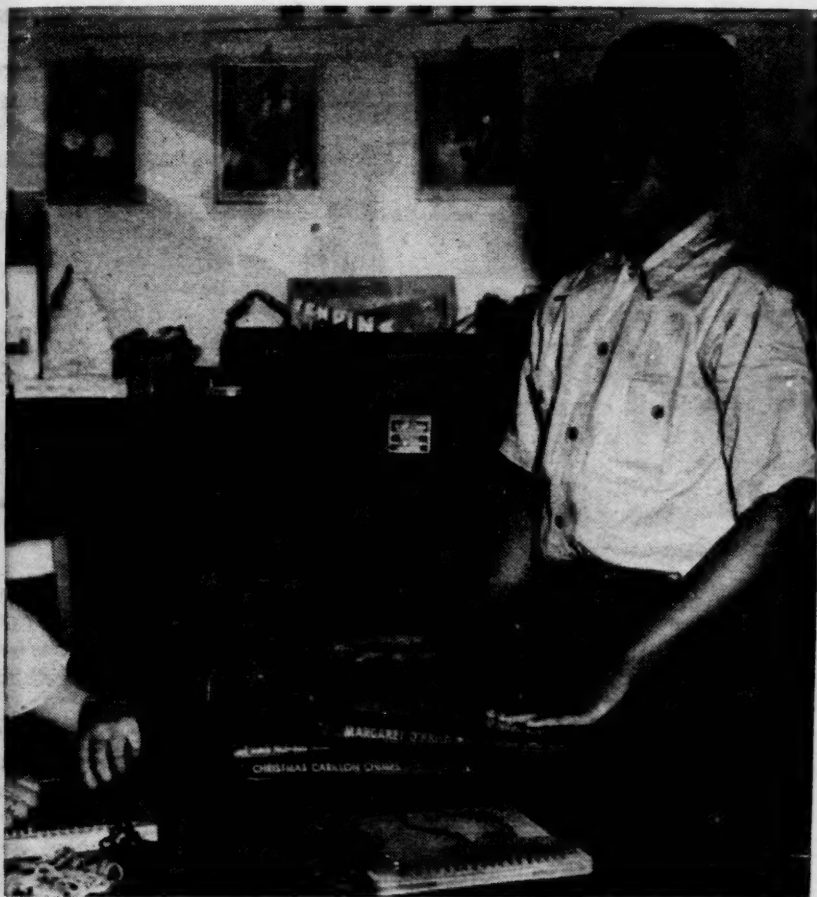
And no one gets hurt. The boys at Lavelle school are instructed twice a week in the use of tools. They make many beautiful things in their workshop. In the parlor at the home are lamps and tables identified with classes such as this. Some special tools are necessary, of course: thus a braille protractor is attached to the miter box to get accurate angles in the wood-cutting. Painsstakingly the jobs are done. Tables for the yard, lamps for the parlor, scrolls and puzzles—all attest to workmanship.



This picture should be in every home in the land where children think it is too hard to learn to play the piano. Even here it is not as difficult as it looks. Joey Schlagenhaft, 10, is almost an "advanced" pupil. He can even transpose. He is not too interested in the classics. He likes to play rhumbas. Joe is reading braille notes here with his left hand while playing them with his right. Sister Benigna, also blind, is helping him. Sister will give Joe a background in the classics despite any preferences.



Everyone learns rhythm. Amerika Prado in the 3rd grade was blinded only a year ago but she has made a beautiful readjustment. Her classmate, Edmund Slattery, has partial vision. Cymbals, triangle, drumsticks, are instruments in the rhythm band in which all play. On the wall are samples of the children's work, and each child knows exactly where his exhibit hangs. At Lavelle school the children say the rosary every day for peace, and each one takes his rosary from its place and returns it.



While a group is occupied at weaving, Johnny Ephron takes care of the talking books. Today they are listening to stories as told by the best narrators in the land. There is a book about Marco Polo and the sound effects are as stirring as the words. Talking books are doing wonders for the blind. They are less cumbersome than braille and more permanent. The CATHOLIC DIGEST for years has gone to thousands in its braille edition. Each issue makes two books twice as long as and almost double the width of this.



While a square dance craze sweeps the nation the children at Lavelle school carry on quite independently. Square dances have long been a part of the extracurricular pleasure of Lavelle, for dancing is always good for the blind. The 40 students there make up a little league of nations and there is proficiency in many national folk dances. This group is doing a Virginia reel with Sister Collette directing and "calling." Everyone is alert and occupied. Just about every sense is being trained.



Salvatore Sciascia is five years old and totally blind. He is in kindergarten and one of the pets of the house. Here he learns about cats from "Fluffy," another pet of Lavelle. When Salvatore came to Lavelle he was very timid. Life was hard. Now he is adjusted. He demonstrated this at the 33rd closing exercises of the school last June when he made his first appearance on a stage. He brought down the house with "I'm a Lonely Little Petunia." John Marinuzzi, one of the instructors in music, accompanied him.



Ever since a flash bulb frightened him, Freddie Schlagenhaft, Joe's brother, has feared cameras. Yet he is a natural mechanic and plays accordion with Joe's piano. To help overcome his fear, and, even more, to help him feel equality with those who see, his mother got this camera with direction boards attached. He takes pictures he will never see. In this way he follows the pattern at Lavelle. There it is much more pleasant to be doing things for others than for oneself. He will take this with him when he leaves.

Science cripples it

Polio

By MARGUERITE CLARK

Condensed chapter of a book*

EACH year from June to October infantile paralysis strikes at any or all sections of the U.S. Its power to wither limbs and twist young spines causes terror to parents that is out of all proportion to its incidence and death rate.

In the last ten years, 141,181 American children and adults have had infantile paralysis. The percentage of serious cases among them has been encouragingly low. At least 50% have recovered fully. About 25% have been slightly paralyzed. Fifteen to 20% have suffered severe paralysis and 5 to 7% have died.

Parental terror comes mainly from a feeling of helplessness. No one can predict just where, when, or how hard it will strike. There is no known way of checking the spread of the disease. Quarantine does not help. Closing schools, churches, and theaters is futile. Spraying DDT on garbage dumps, ponds, and rivers is also of little use.

This much scientists know about poliomyelitis. The disease is caused by a tiny virus, so small that it can be photographed only with the most pow-

*Marguerite Clark, head of Newsweek's Medicine department, is secretary and only woman member of the National Association of Science Writers, the professional society of the men and women actively engaged in interpreting science for the American public. Her recent book *Medicine on the March* concentrates on giving the latest medical developments, authenticated by experts, that you may see the whole dramatic picture of medical progress. *Medicine on the March* brings you the same kind of factual, interesting reporting that has won the confidence of the professional world "for her consistently accurate, informative articles on medicine."*

erful electron microscope. When it infects the tissues of the brain and spinal cord, it kills many of the motor nerve cells which furnish energy to move muscles. Once cells are completely destroyed, the body cannot create new ones to take their places. The affected muscles lose their working ability.

Scientists also know that the polio virus leaves the body through the bowels. They do not know how it enters the body—whether through the nose, mouth or throat. Nobody knows for sure how the virus gets from one person to another. It may come from human contagion, from flies and mosquitoes, from contaminated milk, wa-

**Medicine on the March*. Published for Newsweek by Funk & Wagnalls Co. Copyright, 1949, by Funk and Wagnalls Co., 153 E. 24th St., New York City. 308 pp. \$3.50. 113

ter or food, or from an animal carrier.

Evidence now points to a person-to-person spread of the disease through a chain of human infection in home, neighborhood or school. Studies conducted after epidemics in Buffalo and Chicago confirmed beliefs held by many doctors that thousands of cases of common colds, sore throats, and intestinal upsets are really mild, undiagnosed forms of infantile paralysis. The disease is often not recognized until some child becomes paralyzed. In fact, many children seem to have developed an immunity from a mild attack of nonparalytic, undiagnosed polio.

Buffalo, N. Y., investigators, Dr. Martha L. Smith, Dr. Edward M. Bridge, Helen E. Underwood, and Grace E. Dale, cited a typical instance of how the disease crept insidiously through a large family. Early in March, a seven-year-old girl had a "cold," with headache and fever lasting three days. Two weeks later, her twin brother developed a sore throat and cold so severe that pneumonia was feared. Two others, a sister aged two and an older girl of 12, had all the symptoms of a very bad cold. The mother and father "felt miserable" because of headaches, sore throats, and a mild diarrhea lasting three or four days.

It was not until 11 weeks later, however, that dangerous illness hit this family. On May 23, the four-year-old son developed poliomyelitis. Sudden paralysis came two days later. After careful study, the researchers conclud-

ed that all the minor illnesses in the family had been mild cases of polio, and that the virus had been active in the house for at least 11 weeks before the first paralytic case of the disease.

In 1948, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis celebrated its 10th anniversary by calling together in New York City the world's outstanding research and clinical specialists for the first international poliomyelitis conference. They found that the ten-year attack on polio had made considerable headway. In 1938, only 300 hospitals in the U. S. would accept a polio case. Now more than 700 are equipped with proper infection control to handle polio patients.

Although the number of polio cases has risen over the previous decade, there is not as much deformity and severe crippling as in former years.

Early diagnosis and prompt treatment, well-trained staffs, and more and better equipment have helped to cut the crippling aftereffects. Credit for some of this goes to Sister Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse whose hot-pack muscle-retraining method has stimulated doctors everywhere to renew their effort to prevent crippling and deformity.

The National Foundation has built up a network of emergency polio-treatment centers all over the country which have made it possible to rush help to stricken areas not equipped to handle polio cases. The foundation is backing polio research in more than 50 universities, medical schools, and laboratories. It has also financed spe-

cial training for doctors, physical therapists, medical social workers, hospital and orthopedic nurses, and public-health authorities.

The quest has resulted in new knowledge about the nature, course, diagnosis, and treatment of polio, but it has brought no preventive nor cure. No drug has yet been found that will prevent, control, or lessen polio or paralysis.

The term "infantile" paralysis is a misnomer. Once regarded as a children's disease, it is now striking more teen-agers and adults and fewer young children. A survey, based on a check of epidemics in foreign countries as well as the U. S., showed that in 1916 only 3.7% of the polio victims in this country were over 15 years old. Today, 25% are over that age.

Infantile paralysis does its most serious harm usually within a week after it strikes, and new muscles are seldom involved after that period, according to Dr. E. T. Bell, University of Minnesota pathologist. His report was based on autopsies of fatal polio cases in the Minnesota epidemic of 1946. About 44% of these died during the first week, and only about 17% lived longer than a week.

"Those who survive as long as five months usually live," Dr. Bell explained. "Although studies show that virus is present in the central nervous system for some time, there is no evidence that it continues to damage nerve cells after the first week of the attack."

The polio virus may affect any part of the body, but it rarely destroys all

muscles. Legs are most frequently involved. Of the paralyzed children under 15, 85% suffer crippled feet and legs. Only 15% have hand or arm ailments.

Occasionally, the muscles of the chest and diaphragm become involved and then the iron lung must be brought in to help respiration. The disease in the form which affects the breathing centers of the brain stem is known as "bulbar polio." It is often quickly fatal.

After the virus creeps into the body tissues, a period of six to 20 days may elapse before the first symptoms appear. If paralysis occurs, the condition progresses usually only about 48 to 72 hours, and after that all changes are in the direction of improvement.

Headache, increasing soreness in specific muscles, fatigue and digestive upsets were the most common symptoms found by Dr. W. Ritchie Russell of Radcliffe infirmary, Oxford, England, in 150 adult polio patients. The most common of all symptoms, pain, was not universally present, he said.

Dr. Russell also produced evidence to back the belief of most doctors that physical activity after the onset of polio contributes significantly to the severity of the paralysis. "Once the headache and sore throat have begun," he said, "physical activity is almost suicidal, and merely average activity is highly dangerous."

The English polio authority emphasized the need of putting to bed immediately any child who begins to run a fever, complains of sore throat, or

shows signs of stomach disturbance during the polio season.

The visiting doctors agreed that public swimming pools should be closed down during a polio epidemic. There is danger, they said, not only of contracting the disease from the water, but swimming activity and resultant fatigue might make the child more sick and extend the paralysis.

Bulbar polio, in which the virus directly invades the medulla (or bulb), the base of the brain, is the type most feared. The over-all mortality rate for the disease is between 5 and 7%; pure bulbar paralysis, the most fatal type, causes 95% of the deaths.

In the summer of 1946 a severe epidemic, 3,000 cases, struck Minnesota. From the start, the doctors were surprised at the number of bulbar cases. Usually six out of more than 100 patients would be of the bulbar type. But in Minnesota that year, three, four, and five times this number of bulbar cases were diagnosed.

This gave neurologist A. B. Baker and a group of Minnesota polio specialists a chance to make first-hand studies and to use spectacular new treatments on bulbar polio. The bulbar mortality rate was reduced in Minnesota to 30%.

During the epidemic, Dr. Baker and his associates began an important research project. They spent two years studying the medulla sections of the brains of 83 fatal cases. He was the first to find the exact location of the brain centers that control breathing and circulation in man.

The centers were in the medulla, that lower part of the brain by the spinal cord where surgeons have been unable to operate because the slightest injury causes death. The medulla itself is only an inch and a half long, about the size of a normal thumbnail. Yet with microscopic study of some 500 sections through this structure, Dr. Baker and his researchers were able to find two groups of centers, each smaller than a grape seed, one controlling all respiration and the other controlling all of the body's circulation.

In the polio patients who died with circulatory symptoms, injuries were found in exactly the same place as that shown by the microscope to control circulation; similarly, injuries were found in the respiratory control spot when the patients had died of respiratory symptoms.

In a practical way, this discovery holds substantial hope for saving the lives of victims of bulbar polio. With this new knowledge Dr. Baker and his researchers began to conduct experiments on the control centers of laboratory monkeys. They hope to find ways of maintaining life by artificial means after injuring the respiratory and circulatory control centers of the monkeys.

If the experiments succeed, the methods might be applied to human cases of polio which affect circulation and respiration. The same methods also might save the lives of persons suffering from injuries or tumors of the medulla.

Dr. Baker feels that if bulbar cases could be kept alive for two or three weeks after the brain centers controlling breathing begin functioning again, the patient would recover.

Methods for aiding breathing already exist. But there is no treatment for damage to the tiny circulatory center, and that is why bulbar cases with circulatory involvement prove about 95% fatal. But if the patient with bulbar poliomyelitis survives the acute state, he usually recovers completely.

For those polio victims who did not have proper treatment at the time of the attack, there is still surgical hope. In a survey of nearly 1,800 cases of crippled people, 400 were found who could be further improved by an operation. With the spectacular new surgical developments coming out of the war, the future seems brighter.

Even when the motor nerve is killed and the muscle function completely lost, the polio victim may be able to walk again. The orthopedic surgeon may be able to transplant parts of healthy muscles to take the place of those unable to carry on their work. Weak joints may be treated so that the useless leg can again bear weight. Unequal leg lengths can be corrected, short legs lengthened, long legs shortened. Later, the treated muscles can be taught to coordinate with other muscles.

A simple operation in which growth in one leg can be arrested until a short leg can catch up with it is performed by Drs. William T. Green and Thomas Gucker of the Children's Hospital,

Boston. Sections of thigh or leg bone containing cartilage are removed. The sections, usually about two inches long and an inch wide, are then turned around and grafted back on the bone. The graft serves as a clamp, checking the bone's growth.

A new method of correcting the back-knee deformity of infantile paralysis has been developed by Dr. Walter P. Blount and his associates at the Milwaukee Children's hospital. Stainless steel staples, less than an inch long, are driven into the bone through small incisions at points which bridge the growth zone. This stops the leg from lengthening at one of several levels of growth.

The child may return to school a few days after the treatment, but he must be watched closely and X-rayed frequently so that the staples may be removed when the correction has been made. When the staples are removed the bone growth starts again. The method may be used on a child as young as eight years. But he must be treated while he has two or more years still to grow.

A drastic technique used by two California doctors, Dr. Harvey E. Billig, Jr., and Dr. A. Van Harreveld, physiologist, is said to have improved the muscle tone of some 800 polio patients. The treatment, called neurotrip-sy (nerve pounding), offers some hope to paralytics whose muscles have wasted away under the rigors of the disease. To the weakened leg of the infantile paralysis victim, the doctors press a heavy riveting gun. The ma-

chine pounds the affected muscles, kneading them vigorously. It reaches into the maze of nerve fibers and pinches some still-healthy strands just where they enter the muscles.

This brings on what neurologists call proliferation, or a branching of new and healthy nerve fibers, similar to the shooting-off of new branches after tree pruning. Result: gradually, the withered muscles of the paralyzed limbs begin to take on new life.

Surgery is used extensively, but the bloodless technique, performed either with a compressed-air rivet gun or an electrically operated instrument of the same nature, saves time and strength.

If after all that can be done has been done and the polio patient remains paralyzed, the problem of mental and emotional adjustment must be faced. A successful and happy life is just as possible for the infantile-paralysis patient as for any disabled person. But an embittered sick child and an oversolicitous family can lead to maladjustment of the personality that will do even greater harm than the twisted arm or leg.

"Poliomyelitis is a major insult to the developing personality of the child," Prof. Edward A. Strecker of the University of Pennsylvania told the conference visitors. "It is an enemy of emotional maturity."

Inevitably, there is a temptation on the part of his family to pamper the victim. If they do they may warp the child's personality for life.

On the other hand, Dr. Strecker said, poliomyelitis may make instead

of break a victim. The inferiority resulting from the disease is sometimes a "golden complex for the child and the personality yield is very rich."

The parent's job, Strecker explained, is to "set the stage for the child and the family so that poliomyelitis interferes as little as possible with the emotional growing process." Sometimes children who have had polio reach a higher level of maturity than many who have not had the disease.

A new research program to plan the psychological treatment of polio patients has been added to the medical department of the National Foundation. Heading the service is Dr. Morton A. Seidenfeld, former clinical psychologist in the neuropsychiatric division of the Surgeon General's office of the U. S. Army.

Dr. Seidenfeld believes that if the crippled child is old enough to understand, an honest discussion of his disability will help him to adjust normally to the world in which other boys and girls will dance and play while he sits on the sidelines. Above all, he must be made to see his future in terms of keen competition, in which he can be the victor if he can rise above his limitations. He must overcome fear. Suddenly removed from his secure existence at home and in school, even the well-adjusted child becomes fearful. At the hospital, he lives under constant scrutiny of nurses, doctors, and physical therapists. Soon he begins to enjoy this attention; in the end he does not want to go back to his old life.

Gradually the sick child's attitude

toward his parents becomes altered, too. Mothers and fathers find it difficult to hide their grief. The child senses their fears and develops fears of his own. Without knowing why, he may begin to wonder: why did this have to happen to me?

At the same time, the parents are asking themselves questions. Bowed down by a feeling of guilt, they may cry: "If I had only been more careful, Johnny would not have had polio!" This is not true. There is no relationship between this crushing disease and proper care. Even the healthiest, best nourished, most carefully reared children may fall victims to infantile paralysis.

The solution, according to Dr. Seidenfeld, lies in a simple, practical acceptance on the part of parents and child. Mothers and fathers should regard the hospital simply as a place where their child has proper care and the companionship of other crippled children.

Later, when the child is well enough to come home, he must be accepted as

a regular member of the family. All the corrective aids to which he is accustomed must be applied promptly and accurately. But the shadow of invalidism must not obscure his life. He must be handled skillfully, but not too tenderly. He must not get too much pity, too many special favors.

From the first day at home, he must learn to think in terms of the things he can do, not those he cannot. With patience, he will learn to stand, take slow steps, balance his body, walk with crutches, and later perhaps walk on his own two legs. Special cars, such as those manufactured by nearly all the automobile companies for disabled veterans, will help him to travel once he is old enough to drive. Almost any kind of education is open to him, almost any profession that does not call for hard physical labor.

In any case, his abilities are greater than his disabilities, provided he has enough courage to develop them. If this truth can be brought home to the crippled child, he need feel no handicap.

God Steps In

AN army chaplain went on a bombing raid into Germany during the war. Flak and enemy fighters were fierce. The chaplain got on the inter-com and said calmly, "Have no fear, men. God is with you." The tail gunner shouted back, "He may be with you guys up front, but He's not back here." A few seconds later a cannon shell burst through the bottom of the tail turret and passed out the top without exploding. A short pause, and then the gunner hastily added, "Correction please. He just walked in."

Wm. H. Rust, *Flying*.

Man tells women how to
do their work, and like it



I Like Housework

By GEORGE LINCOLN EMERSON

Condensed from *America**



WHY do housewives gripe about the drudgery of housework? If I were not a man, a bachelor, and a coward where women are concerned, I'd call their bluff.

"Girls," I'd say, "you're talking through your pretty hats, and you know it. Housework isn't that terrible. It's one swell job, brimful of delightful moments. I wish I could trade places with you. There's nothing on earth I'd rather do than full-time housework."

Listening to women griping about their back-breaking drudgery, I used to wonder if a mere man could manage such horrible tasks. Now I realize there is nothing at all to worry about. If women find housework hard or depressing, maybe it's because of their approach: they may be doing everything the hard way, or even working under the handicap of a rebellious mind. With a little streamlining, housework can become a delightful occupation.

Now what, you may ask, does a man know about housework? Well, I've been working at it, part time, for more than five years; and contrary to what women say, I think it's wonderful.

It is an adventure that began with

my discharge from the Air Force. My sister was married and had a house of her own. Mother was diabetic. Because there was no one else to fall back on, I took on the household chores. When mother died, I tried to make a home for dad and myself. My attempts at housekeeping have been a source of amusement and amazement to men and women alike. In appearance I am not effeminate at all—more like a wrestler. People simply cannot believe that I enjoy doing women's work.

I wish I could devote all my time to housekeeping, instead of only several hours a day. Dad, though, is 70. Since we are farmers, he needs a great deal of help in the fields. That leaves me little time to work around the house.

For this reason, I had to find every possible short cut. Yet I couldn't skimp on the work itself. A big help was to know where every household item was. Here my army training came in handy.

I save a great many steps by hanging my cooking equipment on the wall of an enclosed porch, near the kitchen stove. The dishes used daily I place in the corner cupboard, one short step

from the dining table. Company dishes I have divided between a sideboard and china closet in another room. I rearranged the towels, sheets, bed clothing and wearing apparel—each in its prescribed place, drawer or closet. It took extra work at first, but it has proved a timesaver since.

Women often insist that menfolk are hopeless idiots who can't find clothes—or anything else, for that matter. Here, in our home, I could get any item I need in a blackout. This is a constant source of surprise to women visitors. Sometimes they offer to help, and are amazed when I tell them exactly where each article is.

"Of course, housework is fun to you," I hear some irate women exclaim, "because, manlike, you are playing a game. Laddie, if you had to do all the cleaning, scrubbing, cooking, washing, ironing and a million other things like us women—you wouldn't find housekeeping such a wonderful adventure."

You're right. Housework is a game with me. I play it to keep alive and hustling. That's what makes it so enjoyable. Women could make housework as pleasant as I do—if they played the game as enthusiastically.

On the second count, however, you are wrong. I do all my own housework, dry-clean our clothes, plow and harrow in the fields, milk a small herd of cows, care for a large flock of chickens, and assist in countless other chores around the farm. Even so I find a few minutes every now and then to enjoy a magazine article or read a good

book. If I had nothing to do but housework—life would be heavenly.

I'd like to show you what I mean by speaking of a proper mental approach to housework. As a boy, it was one of my duties during the summer months to follow the horse-drawn cultivator through the corn field—straightening corn stalks, pulling weeds and hoeing out briars and thistles. When I wanted to go fishing, hoeing corn was a horrible task. I felt friendless on earth.

But when I had nothing else planned, things were different. It was fun to walk hatless in the sun. The warm breeze seemed to kiss my tanned cheeks. Mother earth caressed my bare feet. My heart overflowed with happiness. I had the feeling that God couldn't grow this corn without my help. Hoeing corn was no longer horrible; it was not even work. I was helping God produce great, golden ears of corn.

Now, all the while, the work was exactly the same. What made the difference? Clearly it was in my own thinking, my mental approach to the task at hand. Now I am helping God make my own home worth living in.

I must confess, though, that I have no tiny children to care for. Neither have I growing boys and girls to run errands for me. Perhaps the visitors who drop in for a chat or an occasional meal can make up this lack. I assure you they are welcome. I get as much pleasure out of their confusion and amazement as they do out of seeing me doing "woman's work."

Once I dumbfounded my sister by cleaning and stuffing a goose. Then there was the time a married woman caught me ironing the family wash. She stood looking at me a moment, then burst into clamorous laughter. Being an amiable cuss, I laughed, too, and went on with my ironing, grateful that she hadn't caught me in my first attempt. Everything was going quite well until I came to mother's unmentionables. Hoping to surprise her I started pressing a pair of rayon briefs. To my horror, as soon as the hot iron contacted the cloth, the panties melted into a sticky goo, leaving a nice big hole. Why hadn't someone told me that rayon couldn't contact heat and remain rayon?

Take the day a neighbor girl came barging in and found me under the kitchen table. No, indeed, I wasn't

brushing up the cake crumbs; I was dusting the table legs. One moment I thought I was utterly alone; the next instant I found myself flat on my back, looking up at a lovely, smiling face. For some strange reason, unmarried females aren't as scornful toward me as their mothers are. Mary's blue eyes glowed with friendliness.

"Glory be," she gushed throatily, "but you look cute down there on the floor. You're so sweet-tempered, too. And your house looks swell. Much better than ours. How you find the time to keep everything so neat, I wouldn't know. Believe me, George, you'd make some lucky girl a darned good husband."

Pretending not to notice the veiled invitation, I jokingly replied: "Always thought I'd make a good man a better wife. Don't you think so?"



Back at 'em Department

IN ENGLAND in the 1860's there was a court case in which the solicitor general and the lawyers tried to make fun of Catholic nuns to their heart's content.

The case had been brought to court by a troublesome ex-nun who sued her Mother Superior for wrongful dismissal.

The solicitor general, whose name was Sir John Coleridge, played up the fact with amusement that the ex-nun, after eating all the gooseberries in the garden, had been required to perform a (very mild) penance. To the Mother Superior he said:

"Surely, madam, that is a rather unnecessary fuss to make about a few gooseberries?"

But Mother Superior was a match for him.

"Sir John, you may remember that on one occasion a good deal of fuss was made about an apple."

Our Lady of the Cape (May '49).

*A displaced person can
find new hope*

Michael Comes to AMERICA

By LUCY B. SULLIVAN



IT'S ONE thing to be objectively charitable about displaced persons; quite another to come home after a long day's work and find one on your doorstep. That's what happened to us.

Last summer we applied for a displaced couple from Ukraina for domestic service. We had almost forgotten about it when the domestic situation solved itself. But as I opened the door one night last week my sister said, "Can you speak Ukrainian?" I was tired and not in the mood for jokes and was about to answer shortly when she added, "They are here. Our couple from Ukraina. Just had a telegram from New York to meet them at the railroad station at 7:10." That took my breath away. There was nothing to do, of course, but meet them.

After a hasty family consultation and no dinner, my brother and I went to the station. At the Travelers' Aid bureau we saw what we thought was the masculine half of our couple. He turned out to be all there was. He spoke English better, I am sure, than I spoke French in Paris last summer.

He had no wife; he wasn't married. He had our name and address and here he was—young, relieved to find us, and very weary. We could not set-

tle the matter in the station so we brought him home for dinner.

Our visitor was tall and blond. His honest blue eyes regarded me earnestly as he tried to understand me and answer in precise English. What he told us seemed to add up to a mistake in assigning of persons. Someone else had our couple and we had Michael.

The Ukrainian Resettlement bureau in New York told us that, since a mistake had been made, our responsibility ended with putting him on the train back to New York. But somehow or other we couldn't dispose of Michael's case so casually. Every member of the family had a different solution for his problem, and any decision was going to be difficult. My brother was sure he could find things for him to do around the place while we tried to decide what was best. Saturday found them both sawing away at a large tree which had been waiting many months to be cut down. It met its fate that day and Michael picked up the trunk as if it had been a twig and, at a run, carried it away.

Michael's natural courtesy—the respect with which he bowed low over my mother's hand when she greeted him; his concern when he saw her

drive off alone in the car; his eagerness to help my brother work outdoors; his gratitude for anything done for him, whether it was a proffered cigarette or a word of praise for his English—won us all. Something had to be done. He just couldn't be sent off to New York.

After dinner that first night Michael told me the story of his life. He was born in Lwow, Galicia, a town of farmers and textile weavers, and spent most of his early years there. His father died of typhus when Michael was ten months old. His mother married again when Michael was five. He started to school at six and a half, and finished his education at 17 in a commercial school, where he also studied Polish and German.

From 1936 to 1939 he learned the tailor's trade, then went to Braunschweig. There he took the only job he could get—driving a truck for a dairy. When the war with the Russians started he went home to Lwow. There he worked as interpreter at the railroad station until December, 1942, when he was arrested by the Gestapo. "To this day I do not know why," he said. He remained in prison from December until the following October. The prisoners were forced out of doors, regardless of the weather, with only a coat and trousers, and with no shoes. In this prison there was nothing—no books or paper, no writing material, no cigarettes, not even work. Food consisted mostly of soup and bread and substitute coffee.

On October 2, he was among a

group convoyed to Auschwitz concentration camp; 90 died on the way. At Auschwitz, Michael was only the number he showed me tattooed on his arm. Most of the prisoners were Jews and wore the Star of David as a distinguishing mark on the blue and white striped prison uniform. Political prisoners wore a red triangle; criminal prisoners a blue triangle.

In this camp there was work, however. Work carrying stones, building roads, laying sidewalks. Michael was assigned to this work for four or five months, then he was given the job of cleaning inside the camp and bringing food to the S. S. guards. At Auschwitz he was beaten four times—until the blood ran. He didn't know why.

He was allowed to write and receive one letter a month. Letters to him had to be written in German and were censored before he got them. Showing me his mother's letters he held them tightly in his hands and apologized for their appearance. "It was so dirty in camp," he said, "but they mean," and he pressed them to his heart, "so much to me. I do not know if my mother is alive now. I do not hear any more."

He was taken from Auschwitz to another concentration camp at Mauthausen where he stayed only five days; then to Melk until April, 1945; then to Ebensee where he remained until the war ended. The day before the war was over the camp was liberated by the American army. The prisoners were fed. "Did you stay there and work?" I asked him. He smiled, "No, I got away as fast as I can." He went

to Augsburg, then to the camp for displaced persons at Haunstetten, and finally to Munich. In Munich he worked as a tailor and went to the School of Economics which was maintained for Ukrainian D.P.'s by the Ukrainian Resettlement committee. There were about 300 students in the school, and 36 teachers, one of whom was an American. Michael studied English along with his business courses for two years, until December, 1948.

While he was at the school in Munich he applied for admission to this country as a D. P. He showed me one of the official documents he secured for this purpose. It was from Munich, signed by a pastor, saying he was a member of the parish and belonged to the Eastern Rite of the Catholic Church. When I asked how he first thought of coming to America he looked at me rather shyly and said he had written to a girl in America whose name he had gotten through a friend in Munich.

By this time I think Michael was a bit restive under the care we were taking of him, so we allowed him, after very careful instructions, to go out on his own. Smiling, he told my brother that he was no fool; he had been in bigger cities than this. Berlin had a population of 2,000,000 and he hadn't gotten lost there. He returned after a two-hour walk, pleased with himself.

A tailor was consulted to find work for Michael. Could he employ him or advise us where to look? This man

had only a small shop but he took Michael on the spot, temporarily. He was a jolly person, full of jokes and teasing. Seeing Michael's strained, tense look he told him to relax and listen to the radio; take a cup of coffee; look at himself in the mirror. "You gotta look nice in this business," he said. Michael recognized the kindness which prompted this by-play. To see his earnestness and how his hands trembled when he undertook the work was so touching that I had to turn away. Through this tailor Michael found a job with a larger firm which agreed to employ him steadily.

Now all that had to be done was to find him a place to live, preferably among people from his own part of Europe. We appealed to the Chancery office, and arranged an appointment with the pastor of the Ukrainian Church. I took him there and felt like saying with the tailor, "Relax." I have never seen prisoners or a chain gang work, but there was something in Michael's stride which made me realize how his prison environment had conditioned him. Orientation was not going to be easy for one who had spent some of the most impressionable years of his life in slave labor.

The Ukrainian pastor really cooperated. Within ten minutes of our meeting he was in touch with the committee in his parish that sponsors displaced persons and had found a family who would take Michael into their home. Working directly with the Church, this organization has already placed 40 D.P.'s in various homes.

Most of them have adjusted themselves successfully, the pastor told me, and only a few expected to find the streets paved with gold.

A new home found, a steady job promised, and that about concludes Michael's story. He paid us one visit, bringing the mother of the family in

whose home he is living. A world of wisdom about human beings glows in her expression and she has won Michael's confidence already. Lucky Michael to be living under her roof! As they were leaving she said with a twinkle, "Pretty soon he will find a blonde or brunette and forget me."



Index to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

May through October, 1949

Vol. 13

Nos. 7 to 12

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>
Albania, Terror in.....	May	85
Allergy (Swartz).....	July	24
ANIMALS, Animals Predict the		
Weather	Oct.	56
Audubon, Master of the		
Wilderness	June	35
Beasts in Their Bestiaries.....	Oct.	65
Cobra	Aug.	19
Coyotes Cooperate.....	Aug.	62
I Meet the Penguin.....	Sept.	48
Little Animal in Africa.....	Oct.	15
Pets and Their People.....	May	53
Sea-Lion Circus.....	June	63
When Life is at Stake.....	June	16
Apostle of the Sahara.....	Aug.	50
ART, Sure You Can Paint.....	Oct.	29
Finger Painting.....	July	92
As We Ought (McCorry).....	Sept.	58
Atomic Age Latin.....	Sept.	21
AUTOMOBILES, Our Old-		
Fashioned New Autos.....	July	17
Barber On Wheels.....	Oct.	22
Beran, Archbishop.....	Oct.	9
Blackbirding in the U. S. A.....	May	95
Blind Men Can Work.....	Sept.	29
Bombs at Bikini.....	May	8
Boy Chimney Sweeps of		
England	Sept.	55

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>
Burton, Katherine. Into Out-		
stretched Arms.....	Sept.	117
Cardinal Mindszenty (Fabian).....	Aug.	117
Catechism Up to Date.....	July	14
CATHOLIC ACTION, Action in		
Italy	June	83
Apostle of the Sahara.....	Aug.	50
Bandit of God, A.....	Oct.	87
Black Robes in a Red Suburb.....	June	113
Blessed Martin's Restaurant.....	Aug.	80
Cana in My Home.....	Oct.	68
Cancer Fighter.....	Oct.	36
Dime for God, A.....	Aug.	1
France: The Answer.....	Oct.	52
France: The Problem.....	Oct.	49
Open Air Apostolate in		
London	Aug.	14
Peter Maurin: The Poor Man.....	Sept.	43
Six Little Indians and Ixok		
Xonop	Sept.	1
Winterland Pulpit.....	June	5
Wise Men of the Stockyards.....	May	35
Catholics and Great Books.....	Oct.	26
CHINA, Catastrophe in China.....	Oct.	58
The G. I. and the Orphan.....	Sept.	82
The Story of Beautiful Cloud.....	May	57
Church-State Problem in Utah.....	Oct.	45
Come to the Stable.....	Oct.	6
Comets Won't Hurt You.....	June	49

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>
COMMUNISM. And Now Arch-			Gentlemen, Come Into the		
bishop Beran.....	Oct.	9	Kitchen	Aug.	29
Case Against Mindszenty.....	May	3	Gentlemen of Java.....	June	28
Catastrophe in China.....	Oct.	58	Great Peanut Push, The.....	Oct.	40
Doing Business with Russia.....	May	17	How to Escape Remorse.....	July	1
Epitaph for a Communist.....	May	58	How to Handle a Race Riot.....	Oct.	94
How Blind is Russia.....	June	94	<i>How to Improve Your Personal-</i>		
How to Turn the Tables on			<i>ity by Reading (Thornton)</i>	July	119
Russia	Oct.	58	I Betcha	Aug.	11
I Fled Russia.....	Sept.	15	<i>If Russia Strikes (Eliot)</i>	June	94
Mindszenty the Martyr.....	Aug.	117	I Knew a Saint.....	July	113
My Life in the Red Army.....	June	85	I Like Housework.....	Oct.	120
Russians are Listening, The.....	June	1	Into Outstretched Arms.....	Sept.	117
Terror in Albania.....	May	85	<i>Inverted Mountains, The</i>		
Unpeaceful Conference in			(Heald)	June	21
New York	May	59	ITALY. Action in Italy.....	June	83
War of the Ballots in Italy.....	May	49	War of the Ballots in Italy.....	May	49
Way to Fight Russia, The.....	Sept.	89	Last-Chance Trail, The.....	July	67
<i>Confessions of a Scientist</i>			Leave It to the Kids.....	May	24
(Ditmars)	May	53	<i>Les Hommes du Kabalo</i>		
CONGRESS. I Knew a Saint.....	July	113	(Goemaere)	Sept.	23
U. S. Book-of-the-Minute Club.....	Aug.	87	Lesson in Swan-Upping.....	Sept.	72
Conquering the Colorado.....	June	21	Let Daughter Do It.....	Aug.	22
COOKING. Gentlemen, Come			LIQUOR: Delightful Poison.....	July	68
Into the Kitchen.....	Aug.	29	Loveliest Book in the World.....	July	22
<i>Coral Sea, The (Villiers)</i>	May	113	Man and His Thirst.....	June	47
<i>Crisis in Education (Bell)</i>	July	73	Maurin, Peter: The Poor Man.....	Sept.	43
Curing Capitalism.....	Sept.	33	Me and My Kids.....	Oct.	42
Dew: Nature's Wonder.....	Aug.	46	MEDICINE. Dancing Disease, The.....	July	64
Dime for God, A.....	Aug.	1	Flying Medics.....	July	85
DISPLACED PERSONS. D.P.'s Are			Fly That Controls a Continent.....	May	22
Making Good, The.....	Aug.	36	If You Have Sinus Trouble.....	Aug.	33
Michael Comes to America.....	Oct.	123	New Deal for Leprosy.....	Aug.	38
Young D.P. Who Made Good,			New Faces—New Lives.....	Aug.	70
The	July	117	Polio	Oct.	113
EDUCATION			Problem in Pills.....	Aug.	8
Dangerous Trends in American			Two-Way Door at Carville.....	June	52
Education	Oct.	83	War Against Malaria.....	June	44
Schoolboy's Lament	June	80	World's Largest Hospital.....	May	76
Religious Emphasis Week.....	July	73	<i>Medicine on the March (Clark)</i>	Oct.	113
<i>England's Climbing Boys</i>			Mindszenty, The Case Against.....	May	3
(Phillips)	Sept.	55	Mindszenty the Martyr.....	Aug.	117
FARMING. He Saves Soils and			More Catholic Than the Church.....	July	61
Souls	June	77	<i>Must We Hide (Lapp)</i>	Aug.	55
FISH. Fresh-Water Monsters.....	July	30	My Story of Faith.....	Sept.	84
The A B C of Trout Fishing.....	July	57	Natural Law, The Founding		
Flights of Fancy.....	May, 128;		Fathers and the	Sept.	37
June, 62; July, 21; Aug.,			<i>Next Thing, The (Burton)</i>	Sept.	117
35; Sept., 116; Oct.		18	Next Year in Jerusalem.....	Aug.	76
<i>Follow Christ (Ephrem)</i>	July	32	<i>No Place to Hide (Bradley)</i>	May	8
France: The Answer.....	Oct.	52	Oldest Bible Scroll.....	Sept.	45
France: The Problem.....	Oct.	49	Open Door, The.....	May, 56; June,	
Franco Still Leads.....	June	69	31; July, 114; Aug., 79;		
			Sept., 71; Oct.	5	

<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>	<i>Subject and Titles</i>	<i>Month</i>	<i>Page</i>
<i>Paratrooper Padre</i> (Sampson).....	June	117	SPAIN, Franco Still Leads.....	June	69
Party Line.....	July	12	Protestants of Spain.....	Aug.	43
<i>Peace of Soul</i> (Sheen).....	July	1	Spanish Turning Point.....	June	89
Perfume for Milady.....	June	32	SPORTS, A B C of Trout Fishing,		
PICTURE STORIES, Family Thea-			The.....	July	57
ter on the Air.....	June	96	Baseball's Prize Freshman.....	June	92
Father Baker's Big Family.....	Aug.	96	Baseball's Ten Greatest		
Finger Painting.....	July	97	Moments.....	July	4
Light in Darkness.....	Oct.	96	Casey at the Bat.....	Sept.	10
Principle Conquers Prejudice.....	Sept.	96	Death in the Ring.....	Sept.	113
The Blackfriars.....	May	97	Fast Feet Run in the Family.....	Oct.	13
POPE, Diplomatic Pope Becomes			Fighting Heart, A.....	Oct.	19
Fighting Pope.....	May	61	Greatest Shortstop of Them		
Pop's Little Town.....	July	82	All.....	May	46
Portrait of a Parish Priest.....	Oct.	79	Old Reliable: Thomas David		
Protestants of Spain.....	Aug.	43	Henrich.....	Aug.	82
Quints are Dionnes, The.....	July	39	Robinson at Bat, Jackie.....	May	1
Religious Emphasis Week.....	July	73	The 19th Hole.....	Oct.	33
RELIGIOUS LIFE, Blind Nuns			When Baseball Was Young.....	June	55
Teach the Deaf.....	May	66	Springfield, Where Prejudice		
Eudist Fathers, The.....	May	14	Dies.....	June	67
Marist Brothers of the Schools.....	July	32	Strangest Indians on Earth.....	June	12
Medical Mission Sisters.....	Aug.	25	Store Detectives.....	July	78
My Job is the Best of All.....	Sept.	12	Strong, Anna Louise—Epitaph		
Nine Brave Women.....	Aug.	113	for a Communist.....	May	58
St. Bernard Moves to the			<i>Strong Men South</i> (Menster).....	Sept.	48
Hump.....	May	29	Submarine Hitchhikers, The.....	Sept.	23
Salesians, The.....	June	18	Thank You, Sister.....	Sept.	58
Sisters of Christian Charity.....	Sept.	67	Third World War?.....	July	51
<i>Road to Damascus</i> (O'Brien).....	Sept.	84	<i>Thirteen Who Fled</i> (Karsavina).....	Sept.	15
Robinson Crusoe Goes North.....	May	69	<i>Thirty Years in the Golden</i>		
Rosary, Growth of a Prayer,			North (Welzl).....	May	69
The.....	June	39	This Struck Me, May, 48; June,		
Russians Are Listening, The.....	June	1	54; July, 81; Aug., 69;		
Sandalwooders, The.....	May	113	Sept. 11; Oct.		
Santa Fe's Mission of Mercy.....	Aug.	66	Toynbee, Arnold.....	Oct.	73
Schoolboy's Lament.....	June	80	<i>Trials of a Translator</i> (Knox).....	July	88
SCIENCE, Be Your Own Weather			Tsetse Fly—The Fly That Con-		
Man.....	Sept.	6	trols a Continent.....	May	22
Bombs at Bikini.....	May	8	Union Organizer Killed.....	Aug.	94
Dew: Nature's Wonder.....	Aug.	46	Uranium Rush.....	July	34
Footprints on the Sands of			<i>Voice of the Coyote, The</i>		
Time.....	July	48	(Dobie).....	Aug.	62
Sun Furnace in Your Attic.....	May	19	Wagner, Honus.....	May	46
Target: U. S. A.....	Aug.	55	Wagner, Robt. F. My Story of		
There's Mud in Your			Faith.....	Sept.	84
Gasoline.....	Sept.	61	Winged Wonder of the Sea.....	July	20
The Sun Sheds Its Secrets.....	Sept.	63	Winterland Pulpit.....	June	5
Uranium Rush.....	July	34	Wise Men of the Stockyards.....	May	35
What Are You Allergic To?.....	July	24	<i>Why Are You Single?</i> (Adams).....	Sept.	74
When Fireflies Go Sparking.....	Sept.	94	Why Be Single?.....	Sept.	74
Self-Help for Have-Nots.....	May	79	Why I Know There is a God.....	June	73
<i>Seven Storey Mountain, The</i>			Why People Hate the Church.....	Oct.	1
(Merton).....	June	80			

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Barr, Stringfellow. *THE PILGRIMAGE OF WESTERN MAN; [His Search for One World from 1500 to Armistice II.]* New York: Harcourt, Brace. 369 pp. \$4. Sweeping view of society and government since medieval times. Unity based on religion gave way first to small nationalisms, then to two world-dividing blocks, Russian and American. Opposed outlooks make a final blowup more likely than a union.



Browne, Henry J. *THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.* Washington, D. C.: Catholic University of America Press. 415 pp. \$4.50. Cardinal Gibbons' defense of an early labor organization in the 1880's prepared the way for Pope Leo XIII's defense of the rights of workingmen.



COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANS. *Westminster, Md.: Newman Press.* 294 pp. \$2.50. The communist's philosophy will never let him come to terms with Christianity. Cooperation in trade, war or work never implies concession in the war of ideas. Comparison of two opposed philosophies by a group of French writers.



Doyle, Charles Hugo. *CANA IS FOREVER: Counsels for Before and After Marriage.* Tarrytown, N. Y.: Nugent Press. 260 pp. \$3. How to prepare for marriage and how to stay married. Prudence, generosity, and love of God make common life a happy one.



Frazier, E. Franklin. *THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES.* New York: Macmillan. 767 pp. \$8. Summary of modern studies on Negro history, achievements, environment, and problems.



Grant, Dorothy Fremont. *JOHN ENGLAND, American Christopher.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 167 pp. \$2.75. From 1820 to 1842 the bishop of a 60-seat cathedral in Charleston set an example of good citizenship that endeared him to both Catholics and Protestants.



O'Connor, Joseph. *THE NORWAYMAN.* New York: Macmillan. 352 pp. \$3.50. Novel of customs and characters in the West of Ireland. Realistic, healthy picture of a fishing village and its people.



Pegis, Anton C., editor. *THE WISDOM OF CATHOLICISM.* New York: Random House. 988 pp. \$6. The vision of man and his high destiny seen in the light of God. Omnibus of great writers from A.D. 107 to 1943: from Ignatius of Antioch, through Augustine, Bernard, Petrarch, Teresa of Avila, and Pascal, to Newman, Leo XIII, and Maritain.



Rooney, Gerard. *PREFACE TO THE BIBLE.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 171 pp. \$2. Who wrote the Bible? How was it inspired? How can we find its real meaning? Are there any errors in it? A book on how to read the Bible with profit.



Scott, Hugh D. *HOW TO GO INTO POLITICS.* New York: John Day. 197 pp. \$2.75. Veteran in politics shows what citizens should do about their gripes. Covers everything from getting started as a ward heeler to the care and feeding of legislation.



TRAGIC BLINDNESS bars this little boy from even the sun's light. He sits with the sun on his face. The playground bars are a symbol of his pathetic loneliness. He is a student at the Lavelle School for the Blind in New York. Each year it rescues many children of every race, creed, and color from their darkness and restores them to useful lives.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST Braille Edition goes to thousands of such unfortunates each month. For the complete story in pictures see page 97.

